

H. H. Brack

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

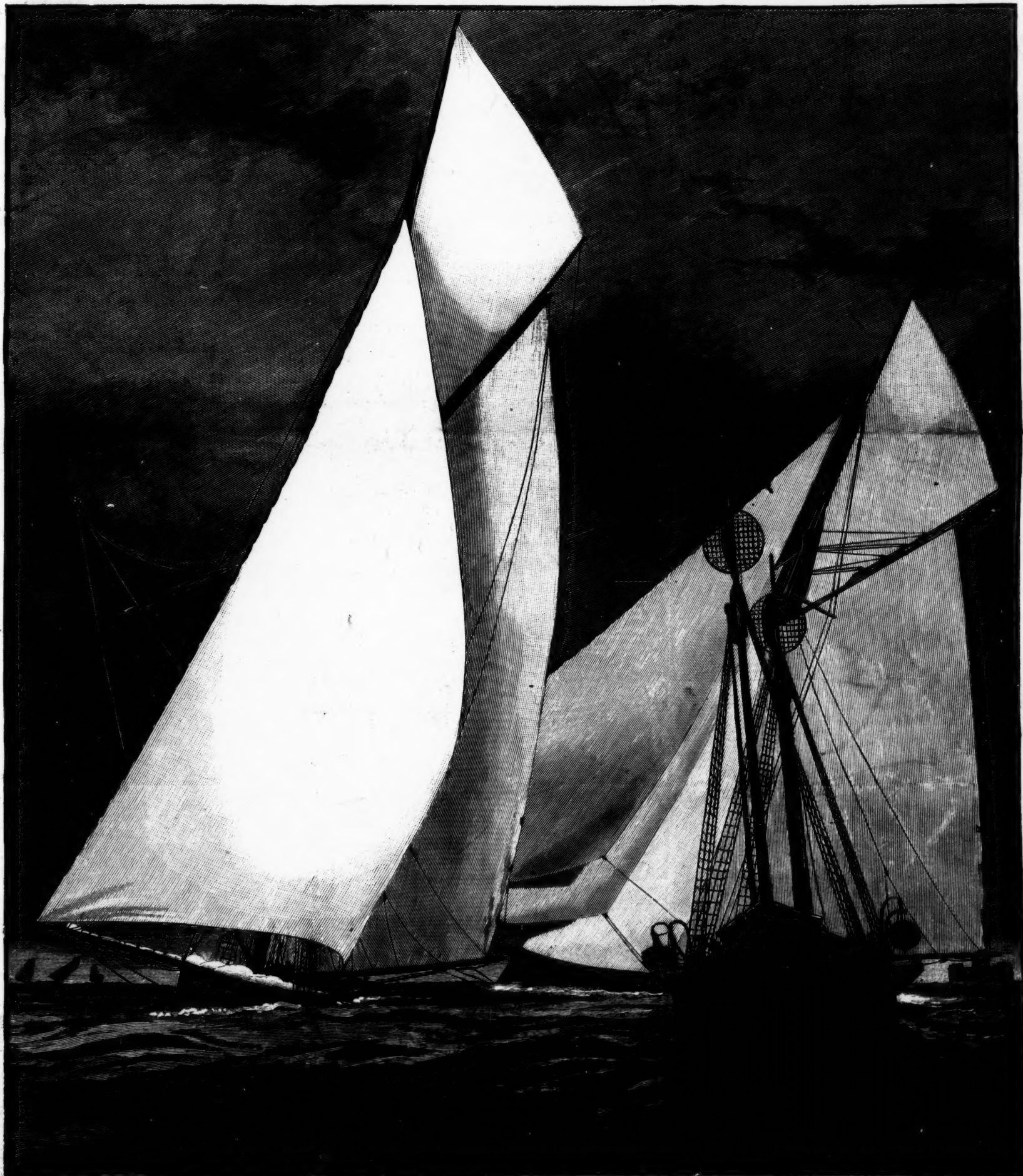


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THE REGATTA OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB—THE "PRISCILLA," FOLLOWED BY THE "ATLANTIC," ROUNDING THE LIGHTSHIP, JUNE 15TH.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 235.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1886.

#### DEFEAT OF MR. MORRISON.

THE House of Representatives, by a vote of 157 to 140, refused, last week, to take up for consideration the second Morrison Tariff Bill. Thirty-five Democrats united with the Republicans in declaring that this Bill shall not even be discussed. Two observations may be made in relation to this somewhat singular action. One is, that, as the measure is not upon the whole a bad one in itself, its contemptuous treatment must be due largely to other considerations than its real merits. The main consideration, we suspect, is, that Mr. Morrison as a Tariff-framer has been discredited before the country. Judged by the Bills he has proposed, the Tariff is a subject which this managing politician knows little or nothing about. His horizontal absurdity was equivalent to a confession that he could not grasp the problem except as a child might handle it. Possibly his method was resorted to because it required no knowledge of past or existing Tariffs or their abuses. The calamity of two defeats seems, therefore, to come upon the Democratic majority through the failure of the Speaker of the House to place at the head of the Ways and Means Committee a person competent to deal with this important subject.

But there is another side to this question. The present Tariff needs revision, and needs it now. Both political parties have promised the reforms which public opinion demands. There are existing evils and continuing abuses that are almost intolerable. Importers and business men know precisely what they are. Secretary Manning and Acting Secretary Fairchild have pointed out what there is to be reformed, and how to bring about the most needed modifications of existing Acts. In the face of these facts, and the wise recommendations of President Cleveland, the alleged leaders of both parties seem incapable of doing anything, or even comprehending what ought to be done. Common necessities continue to be taxed, in some instances, double the rate of luxuries; raw products are still made costlier by taxation than in any manufacturing country on the planet; many articles of import are assessed at a loss, instead of a gain, of revenue; and Chinese Walls, in the shape of prohibitive duties, stand as insurmountable barriers to commerce and trade. Undervaluations which are inseparable from the *ad valorem* system still continue in silks, laces, kid gloves and in wools, yet nothing is done in Congress to apply the only remedy for such frauds—namely, specific duties. It is to be hoped that the next House will be composed of men who will rise to the level of their duty, if not to the height of their opportunity, and do something sensible and practical with our defective and unjust Tariff.

#### THE PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN.

THE great contest in England is fairly begun; and political interest, diverted from the moribund Parliament, now centres in electioneering. Both sides have busied themselves in adapting a new nomenclature to the situation, at the risk of dire confusion. The old words "Liberal" and "Radical" have lost their meaning, and prove wholly inadequate. The Liberal opponents of the Home Rule Bill are designated by Mr. Gladstone's party as "Seceding" or "Dissentient" Liberals. The Tories are "Unionists," or, as Lord Hartington's followers describe themselves, "Liberal Unionists"; while they denounce the Gladstone supporters as "Separationists," or "Disunionists." Mr. Gladstone denies to his opponents, whether Tories or Seceders, the title of Unionists, because, as he declared in his Midlothian manifesto, "the union they refuse to modify is in its present shape a paper union, obtained by force and fraud, and never sanctioned or accepted by the Irish nation. They are not Unionists, but paper-unionists."

High above the confusion of parties, names and ideas, looms the figure of Gladstone, like a mountain in a storm. There is no vagueness about him. "Will you govern Ireland by coercion, or will you let Ireland manage her own affairs?" he asks. That is the question at issue, and it can no more be shirked than it can be misunderstood. In other words, the electors must choose between the Government's plan of dealing with Ireland, and Lord Salisbury's plan. They must be either for Home Rule or against it. The great statesman has at one stroke narrowed down the issue to this, leaving the other vague "plans" of his opponents completely out of sight by his crushing disposal of their stock plea of "preserving the unity of the Empire." Lord Salisbury's plan, as has been plainly pointed out—somewhat to the dismay of the Tories—is simply twenty years more of coercion—coercion flimsily disguised under the phrase of "firm government." With the bare question of the hour thus presented to them, it would not seem a difficult task to predict the British electors' choice.

Mr. Gladstone has gone into Midlothian. The Tories have decided to oppose him there, but at most they can

only effect a diminution of his majority by importing into the contest the "venomous element" of religious bigotry. The personal power and influence of the Old Man Eloquent seem to be greater than ever. Leaving London amidst the cheering of vast crowds, he was everywhere received with demonstrations of the wildest enthusiasm, his progress being, in fact, a grand triumphal march. At Edinburgh 40,000 persons lined the route from the railway station to the hotel, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the police could make a passageway for the Premier's carriage. His opening speech in that city on Friday night was a most effective effort, being characterized by great vigor of statement and impetuosity of manner. It is understood that he will make six important speeches in Scotland, and some anxiety is felt as to whether his strength will hold out to the end of the campaign. The elections will soon follow, but Parliament will not meet until Fall—except in the event of Mr. Gladstone's defeat.

#### TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.

NEW YORK was the first of the States to recognize the claims of the Homeopathic system of medical treatment in founding an Asylum for the Insane. As a matter of course, the older and so-called "regular" medical fraternity were vehemently opposed to the founding of this institution, under State authority and supervision, upon the ground that Homeopathy was unscientific—quackery, in short—and therefore should not be encouraged. But the friends of the new system contended that it was no more a function of the State to decide what is scientific in medicine than what is orthodox in religion. Homeopathy being accepted by a large, respectable and intelligent portion of the community as the best system of medical practice, it was only fair, they said, that the State, if it were to undertake the care of the insane, should act impartially towards the old and the new systems, indorsing neither as exclusively right, but giving both an equal chance.

After a hard battle this idea was accepted as rational and just, and the Asylum for the Insane at Middletown, Orange County, first organized in 1869 as a private institution, was adopted by the State in 1870. The sum of \$75,000 had been subscribed by individuals, while the Legislature subsequently made appropriations for the erection of the necessary buildings and for the complete equipment of the institution. It has from the first been under the care of a highly competent Board of Trustees, who have managed it with great diligence, fidelity and success; until now it may be regarded as resting upon solid foundations. It has, indeed, demonstrated by its work its right to exist, and justified the faith of its original founders and promoters. It has accommodations for 400 patients. The location is healthful; the surroundings are all that could be desired. In regard to the results of its work, it is enough to say that they compare favorably with those of the asylums under Allopathic direction. The percentage of cures in proportion to the number of patients discharged—which was last year 50.38—is as great, to say the least, as under the older system, while the arrangements for the comfort of the patients are most commendable. If the ancient proverb, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," may be applied in this case, Homeopathy has certainly no reason to blush in the presence of its rivals.

The soul of such an institution is or should be its medical superintendent. The man who has held this position for the last ten years in the Middletown Asylum is Dr. Selden H. Talcott, one of the most distinguished specialists in the country. His last Annual Report, presented to the Legislature in January last, is a mine of valuable information, not only revealing the whole internal arrangements of the institution, its methods of treatment and the reasons therefor, etc., but embracing valuable suggestions upon the whole subject of insanity, its causes, manifestations and cure, and clearly setting forth the duty of society and government to those whose minds are disordered.

The method of treatment which has proved so successful at Middletown embraces, as its salient features, kindness and gentle discipline; rest as a means for physical and mental recuperation; enforced protection; open-air exercise, amusement and occupation, as stimulants to the renewal of health; diet and artificial feeding; mental and moral hygiene; and wholesome sanitary surroundings. The use of force and common restraints has been almost entirely dispensed with in this asylum, and the whole aim is to summon to the aid of the medical staff the self-possession, though latent, powers of the patients. Weak wills are stirred to new, steady and persistent exercise. Self-control is enjoined to the degree of overcoming natural perversity, waywardness and eccentricity.

In no respect, perhaps, has medical and social science made greater advances within the last fifty years than in this matter of the treatment of the insane, which in former times was often marked by ignorance and cruelty. It is shocking, indeed, to remember by what rude and coarse devices the insane were once restrained from doing themselves or others bodily harm, and how these devices only aggravated the mental disorder, and made recovery hopeless. We call to mind now the case of a lunatic in a New England town, who was consigned from year to year to the care of whosoever would perform the task at the lowest rate. He was shut up in a rude

cage in an outhouse, where he was fed like a wild beast, clothed in rags, and left to howl night and day at will. The children of the neighborhood were allowed free access to the building, where they could see and talk with him through the bars of his cage, and play upon him such pranks as they pleased! It was a horrid spectacle, which we shudder to recall; and turning from it to the scenes presented in a modern asylum for the insane is like emerging from a chamber of horrors into a hall full of rosy light, amidst the scent of flowers and the songs of birds.

#### THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF CIVICS.

"GOOD government through good citizenship" is the worthy aim of an organization which, after months of patient deliberation, has been lately launched on the favor of public opinion. It bears the name of American Institute of Civics, and its officers represent the judges, the statesmen and the educators of the United States. Its President is Chief-justice Waite; its Secretary, John Eaton, Commissioner of Education; and among the members of its chief Board are such college presidents as Porter and Seelye; such Senators as Colquitt, Morrill, Hawley, Wilson and Blair; and such officers of the Government as Secretary Lamar and Librarian Spofford. We venture to believe that no organization was ever formed with officers and members more eminent in every station of public life. In nearly every State are established branches of the general body, with which are associated citizens of reputation in their respective Commonwealths.

The general purpose of this organization is the promotion of good government through good citizenship. The aim is to inculcate the idea that the quality of citizenship is the means of insuring our permanency as a republic. The Society has no partisan affiliations, neither is its field of activity limited to any one section of the country. All sections and all political parties are represented in its management. It is in sympathy with every party so far as it aims to promote a worthy government; it is antagonistic to every party so far as partisan conduct and management tend to substitute partisan triumph for the public weal. It has no reference to the issues of the past; it looks upon the war and slavery and reconstruction as dead and buried. It proposes to consolidate and to enlighten the public conscience as to the best ways and means of promoting purity in the use of the ballot, municipal reform, and other public movements of equal importance.

The means which are employed in this service include the encouragement of public-school education in the "essential relations of the government and the governed"; the promotion of instruction in the colleges and the professional schools as to political rights and duties; the establishment of conferences, more or less permanent, in the centres of influence, for public discussion; and the publication of tracts, and of a journal, *The Citizen*, which already has a strong constituency. The American Institute of Civics has a place; and, with a wise and eminent leadership and a strong, representative membership, it should do much to improve the quality of American citizenship, and to elevate the character of American government in the nation and the individual commonwealth.

#### A SPECULATIVE AMBASSADOR.

WHEN President Cleveland appointed Mr. F. S. Winston, of Chicago, Minister to Persia, the latter indulged in various rhetorical flourishes regarding the "development of the riches of the Orient." This was taken as a specimen of the inflated language supposed to be characteristic of Chicago, but it now appears that Mr. Winston was very much in earnest. Soon after arriving at his post of duty he resigned, the reason being, according to one correspondent, that there was nothing for a Minister to do, and according to another, that the Minister wished to come home to marry. Either of these reasons might be taken as an example of frank Jeffersonian simplicity, or it might occur to others that the propriety of maintaining a Minister in Persia is the business of the State Department, and not to be decided by any individual. However, Mr. Winston found something to do, after all. As soon as his resignation was forwarded he applied for and obtained a franchise for building a railroad from Teheran to the Persian Gulf. There were concessions of mines and lands said to be worth millions, all apparently secured without cost by a firm from the Shah; Chicago seemed to have distinguished itself; but just at the conclusion of the business there came to Mr. Winston a modest request from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the brother-in-law of the Shah, for \$30,000, as the first installment of remuneration for his trouble. Evidently the Minister understands the value of railway franchises as well as New York Aldermen, and comprehends the meaning of "boodle" quite as well as they do. Mr. Winston, however, appears disinclined to imitate "Jake" Sharp, and the Persian railroad will probably not be built by Chicago capital. This story is not especially creditable to either side. Mr. Winston has declared that he had no pecuniary interest in the scheme, but only promised to enlist the co-operation of American capitalists. Nevertheless it is difficult to believe that he would have done all this without receiving advantage in one way or another. His expenses to Persia were paid



by this Government, and he was sent there to fill a public office. The dignity of this office gave him a most favorable introduction. It is plain that he was more or less occupied from the first with thoughts of private gain, and his course, while not open to a charge of dishonesty, was at least in wretchedly bad taste. He might also have known that this Government would not protect such an enterprise as he proposed in Persia as it would in Mexico or Central America, for very evident reasons. Mr. Winston has gained no credit for himself or for his country, and it is well that the Persian railroad scheme has fallen through.

#### SECESSION IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A GENERAL election was held in the maritime Province of Nova Scotia, last week, which resulted in the choice, for the various elective offices, of the candidates who, with rare exceptions, favor a separation from the Canadian Dominion. This evidence of the temper of the Nova Scotians is significant. Here is obviously the beginning of a long agitation or struggle for separation from the Canadian Confederation on the one hand, and the preservation of the Union on the other. It is difficult to predict the final result of this secession movement. It is not likely to lead to bloodshed or open rebellion. It will not probably result in the early dismemberment of the Canadian Union. It is more likely to end for the present in such substantial concessions by the Canadian Government as may induce the Nova Scotians to remain some years longer in the Confederation. Self-interest, no doubt, impels them to a closer political and commercial union with this country; but, on the other hand, loyalty to the Queen, throughout Canada, is not only a deeply cherished sentiment, but a religion. So long as the present sovereign of England lives, her British-American subjects will never cut loose from her Empire. Queen Victoria is revered not only as the noblest of queens, but as the most perfect of women. A British subject north of us may shuffle off this mortal coil, but he cannot yet shuffle off his allegiance, for over the graveyards float British standards, indicating seemingly that death even cannot absolve the true Briton from his citizenship. The faithful still prefer to sleep under the British flag, and could scarcely rest in their graves under any other.

But with a change of sovereigns in England this semi-religious sentiment may be weakened. It cannot always withstand the currents of commercial interest, or the pressure of injustice. As things now are, the Nova Scotians undoubtedly bear much more than their share of the imperial burdens. If the existing tendency to a centralization of power, at the expense of this particular Province, shall continue, secession may become a historic fact.

#### FATIGUE AND FAMISHMENT.

SOME light was thrown upon the subject of school education the other day, at a meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society. It will be remembered that a considerable sensation was caused, some two years ago, by the publication of Sir James Crichton-Brown's Report on Educational Overpressure in London Schools, wherein the statement was made that of 6,580 children examined, 3,054, or more than 46 per cent., were subject to headache. The report aroused a wide interest in the whole subject of the health of schoolchildren, and many facts were brought to light which seemed to establish the proposition that not only in England, but in America and other countries, schoolchildren are subjected to a pressure which they are not physically able to bear.

In the opinion of the medical men of Massachusetts, however, the imperfect health of schoolchildren is by no means due to overpressure in their schools, but, rather, to causes with which parents, not teachers, are concerned. It is to overpressure in their home and social life, combined with underfeeding—in other words, to fatigue and famishment—that we are to attribute the imperfect health of schoolchildren, especially of girls. These two causes, which the celebrated London physician already referred to affirms to be the predominant causes of all preventable diseases, are especially the bane of our children's lives. Starvation, partial or occasional, is by no means a sorrow only of the children of the poor; and it matters little as to its direful results whether starvation is due to want of food or want of appetite. Few parents realize under what high social pressure their growing daughters are living, nor how it wears them, and destroys that relish for food which is as natural a state in the normal girl as in the normal boy. Dr. Richard Hodges told the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society that "a justly distinguished master" of the Girls' High and Normal School of Boston had said that a principal qualification for his office should be a good medical education. "The first hour of his school day was spent in going from room to room at the call of teachers to see pupils who had fainted or were in spasms or hysterics," or some other pitiful case; and that these phenomena were clearly traceable, not to overstudy, but to want of sleep and of breakfast—that is, to fatigue and famishment.

Education in itself, as has been abundantly proved, does not lower, but raises, the standard of physical perfection. Study is eminently a healthy thing. Statistics show that for one girl or woman who is injured by overpressure there are one hundred actually deteriorating for want of sufficient mental exercise. We look back with admiration to the robust mothers of a former generation who lived in the days when women's colleges were not, and we recall with reproach to the women now living the miracles of work they performed, and the large families they reared, in the power of their ample, generous health. But we must not forget that very many of these women were well and even highly educated, though they had none of the "opportunities" that now exist. They read widely, thought deeply, reasoned clearly, and were largely endowed with that true culture which consists in "knowing the best things that have been said by the best thinkers in all time." They were women, however, subject neither to the fatigue nor the famishment of the present day. They worked at ease, and with a certain majestic leisure performed the many simple duties of their lives. They retired early, ate heartily, lived calmly, enjoyed gener-

ously the modest social duties which were the "pleasures" of their humdrum, conventional lives. Their children thrived under the restrictions of a convention which restrained them from amusements of a sort which weary and exhaust rather than recreate and refresh. There were no "match games" then, no "tournaments" or "leagues," no children's parties, or society duties for girls not yet "come out"; but there was abundant time for play, and little temptation to sit up after "sundown" whether for study or society; while as yet electric lights, gas, kerosene even, were not, and the friendly darkness still held almost undivided sway.

The school year is wellnigh over, and the weary children, "overpressed" certainly, though not perhaps with study, have a right to their rest. Let it be rest from more than books; let them be kept from the excitements which scorch but do not warm, and not less carefully from that sense of responsibility which is the weary part of duty, and which none but men and women should be called to bear. Let them run, play, laugh—above all, sleep and eat, and so return, during the bright Summer days, to that normal state which finds in a healthy activity of mind no fatigue, and in the everyday duties of life no famishment.

#### A GOOD BILL VETOED.

IN vetoing the Municipal Reform Bill, passed by the last Legislature, Governor Hill of New York declares himself in favor of Spring elections, doubtful about electing Aldermen on a general ticket for the whole city, and opposed to cumulative voting. The pathos with which the Governor laments the prospect of "giving an honest man more than one honest vote for an honest candidate" indicates that he "shrewdly suspects" cumulative voting can, for the present, be successfully assailed with phrases applicable to ballot-stuffing. This may not be intended for demagogism, but those who are familiar with cumulative voting will at least smile at such Roman virtue. The Governor is not quite accurate in assuming that minority representation is new in New York, or undemocratic. Inspectors of election have long been chosen by a limited vote which secures two of the majority and one of the minority party. The Governor makes a fairer point in urging that minority representation under the cumulative plan has not been fully discussed in the State. There is time for such discussion, however, before the question of holding a constitutional convention shall arise at the approaching Fall election. If minority representation is a good thing, it should of course exist all over the State. The Governor's point would probably be pertinent to the Bill vetoed if municipal elections affected in any degree the State Legislature. But it is difficult to understand why New York city should wait for minority representation in her city elections until Elmira shall ask for it.

The choice of Aldermen on a general city ticket is based on the undoubted principle that men known by reputation to an entire city are of a better standing than those who may run the local machine so as to nominate and elect themselves in a particular ward. It would require more commanding character and fitness to secure the nomination of a city convention than of a ward caucus, and if political machines should put small men before the people on a general ticket, the city, as a whole, would probably beat the ticket, or at least defeat its most unworthy men.

The Governor must be aware that his little sermon about electing State and local candidates on State and local issues, instead of on national, is the merest nonsense. His theory has thus far proved an empty dream, if not a mere jingle of words. In fact, the words "Democrat" and "Republican" and all party lines, except, perhaps, the party names of the Prohibitionists, refer to national issues. The line of division on the election of every justice of the peace from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate is national, not local. Perhaps it ought not to be so, but it is. And something more than Spring elections will be required to abolish the fact.

The Governor has vetoed a good Bill, but the sound principles involved in it will win in due time.

#### ART NOTES.

SOME of the most important works in painting, sculpture and engraving ever undertaken in the United States are now in process of execution at the various studios in New York, all showing a marked progress in the general culture, artistic invention and bold treatment of the artists themselves, as well as a broader generosity in the appreciation of isolated patrons, and a growing taste among societies and commemorative bodies to give orders for large canvases and notable pieces of outdoor and interior statuary. This is well, for with nearly one thousand artists in New York pursuing painting and sculpture, a retrograde movement would certainly have taken place had it not been for the timely competitions both for money prizes and medals that have taken place recently on a very liberal scale, and the encouragement now given in the form of orders.

One of the first to feel this movement is Mr. Louis Moeller, whose prize picture, "Puzzled," and "Short Measure," "Morning News" and "Stubborn" (the last still on his easel), have given him a reputation as a brilliant artist of versatile qualities. He has just received a commission for one of the most important pictures ever ordered from an American artist—that is, a canvas ten feet by twelve, embracing a composition that will include many life-size figures, in the treatment of which, as to grouping, color, and indeed subject, Mr. Moeller has a *carte blanche* from his patron, who is well known to the picture world. The subject is not announced, but the artist hopes to complete his work before the close of the year.

Mr. G. Turini is making rapid progress with his colossal figure of Dr. Marion Sims, which is to be placed in Central Park. It represents the eminent physician in the attitude of apparently addressing a medical gathering, and shows the intellectual countenance lit up by the penetrating glance so characteristic of Dr. Sims. The pose is easy, the head uncovered, and the general effect commanding and masterful.

Mr. Launt Thompson has nearly finished an equestrian statue of General Burnside, which is to be set up in Providence. It is a very conscientious study of the Rhode Island general, and is fully equal to Mr. Thompson's best efforts.

THE Canadian authorities seem disposed to modify their hostility against American fishermen. Their instructions to cruisers directing the seizure of American vessels within the three-miles limit have been canceled, and in their stead captains of cruisers and customs officers are instructed to "warn" every American fisherman found in Nova Scotian waters that he must "get out" within twenty-four hours or take the consequences. Meanwhile our vessels are excluded from the most valuable mackerel fisheries. As yet Secretary Bayard does not seem to have accomplished any practical result by his correspondence with the British authorities, and Congress is evidently growing restive over his delay. In the

Senate, Mr. Dawes has introduced a Bill authorizing the President, when commercial privileges are denied to United States vessels in foreign ports, to prohibit all commercial privileges in United States ports to vessels of the Power so denying, or to vessels of any province, colony or dependency of such Power; and it is not impossible that this measure may yet be enacted into a law.

AFTER all, the French Princes are not to be disturbed—at least for the present, the Senate Committee having rejected, by a vote of 6 to 3, all proposals for their expulsion. But, of course, the agitation will be continued, and popular prejudice may yet compel the expatriation of the unoffending representatives of the royal houses.

ONE of the humorous features of recent New York art sales was the following advertisement of a painting: "The attention of students in astronomy is called to this remarkable picture, the constellations 'Centaur,' 'Triangle,' 'Argo,' and the 'Southern Cross' being distinctly seen and correctly placed." It is needless to say that the same claims could be put forth for an astronomical chart, and the chart would come cheaper.

In a recent letter acknowledging the receipt of a wedding gift of a massive silver vase sent him by the citizens of Charleston, S. C., President Cleveland speaks of his marriage as "the happiest incident of his life as a citizen." The general public will be quite apt to agree with this estimate of the relative value of the honors and the felicities of life. The Presidency is no doubt a good thing to have, and its acquisition must rank in any life as an important "incident"; but the getting of a good wife is an event with which no other, however great the honor it may confer, can at all compare.

THE United States Senate has passed Mr. Frye's Bill proposing a congress of delegates from this country, Mexico, Central and South America, to consider such questions and measures as shall be to the mutual interest and common welfare of the American states. The delegates of the United States are to be twenty-four in number, and are to serve without compensation. There can be no possible objection to such a conference, while on the other hand it is probable that it would result advantageously to all the participants. It is certainly high time that something should be done to promote our commercial interests in the countries south of us, and any proposition looking in that direction should receive the sanction of Congress.

THE United States Senate has passed the Bill forfeiting certain unearned lands of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with an amendment repealing that part of the original Act which exempted the right-of-way of the railroad from taxation in the Territories. This "right of way" includes a strip of land 400 feet wide which contains all the stations, machine shops, round houses, elevators, and other appurtenances of the road along a line of many hundred miles, all of which has heretofore been exempt from taxation. It is to be hoped that the House of Representatives will defeat the effort which is to be made to restore the exemption feature. There is no sort of reason why the property referred to should not be taxed in the Territories where it lies.

THE postmaster does not seem to have been eliminated from politics with the accession of the Democracy to power. In an Indiana Congressional Convention the other day, there were five of them in one county delegation, and all of them, curiously enough, voted for the renomination of Mr. Holman, the champion of reform and economy. Judge Holman, by-the-way, seems to have had the support of nearly all the Federal officials in his district, and it is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that his speech of acceptance was devoted entirely to explaining why more Democrats had not been appointed to office. But it is surprising to learn that he made a bitter attack on the Civil Service Law, to which his party and the Administration are distinctly committed.

PROBABLY no class of working people enjoys more privileges from employers than servant girls, and yet in St. Louis they are being enrolled among the Knights of Labor for the purpose of "bringing their employers and mistresses to terms." A local assembly, numbering one hundred and fifty, has been organized, which will be a part of a "national district assembly." This would be funny if it did not contain such serious possibilities. All over the country competent domestic labor is in greater demand than any other kind. A servant who will discharge her duties faithfully is certain of steady employment at good wages. In the country it is often impossible to obtain servants of any degree of fitness. The trials of city housekeepers have become a proverb. As a rule the mistress is more dependent upon the servant than the servant upon the mistress. Ladies are obliged to put up with incompetence and insolence continually, and if any protective league is needed, it is one for the protection of employers. If the servants will devote themselves to self-improvement instead of "organization," there will be no trouble about their receiving good treatment. This is one of the foolish schemes thrown up like scum in any time of agitation. In itself it is not to be taken too seriously; but the *animus* behind such misdirected movements is most reprehensible.

THE recent meeting in this city called by the Executive Committee of the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association was a significant proof of the strength of the affection for the Fatherland cherished by the best class of our Irish-American citizens. Last Winter over \$75,000 was raised to aid the election of and to maintain Irish Home Rule Members of Parliament. The coming election has imposed another tax upon the generosity of Irish-American patriots and they are responding nobly. Over \$14,000 was paid in at this single meeting, and large amounts continue to come in daily. It was noticeable that Rossa and the dynamite factions were "conspicuous by their absence." There was none of the murderous mouthings for which the English Press has sometimes unjustly held all Irish-Americans responsible. This was an earnest gathering of some of our best business and professional men, contributing to a legitimate cause with an enthusiasm that recalled the hearty responses made to patriotic appeals in the days of our Civil War. Such support must be most gratifying to Gladstone and Parnell, and the strength of the spirit in which it is offered is certainly remarkable. Few, outside of the ranks of English Tories, will find fault with this example of devotion to the cause of human freedom, and the committee at once commands respect in saying, "The friends of Ireland will, we trust, continue to preserve the admirable calm judgment and self-control which have recently added so much dignity to their attitude and enlisted the respect of the civilized world. Ireland's interests require and demand from her people unvarying patience, with endurance and fortitude, sustained by the firm and unalterable reliance that their cause is in the hands of able, faithful and sagacious advocates."



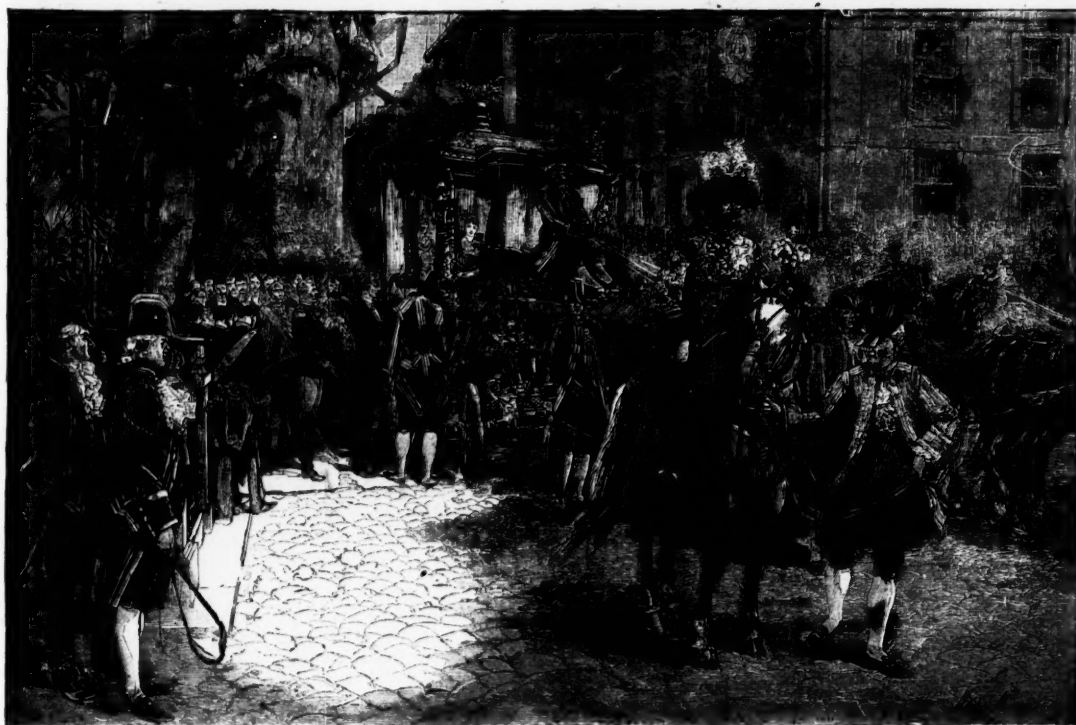
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 295.



FRANCE.—THE COMTE DE PARIS.



IRELAND.—THE LORD LIEUTENANT'S IRISH COSTUME GARDEN PARTY AT THE VICEREGAL LODGE, DUBLIN.



PORTUGAL.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ROYAL AT LISBON—THE CORTÈGE LEAVING THE CHURCH FOR THE PALACE OF BELEM, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

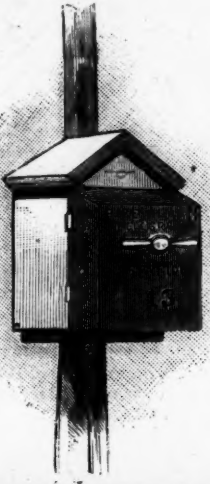


GREECE.—M. TRICOUPIS, PRIME MINISTER.



SPAIN.—BAPTISM OF KING ALFONSO XIII. IN THE CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL PALACE, MADRID, MAY 22D.

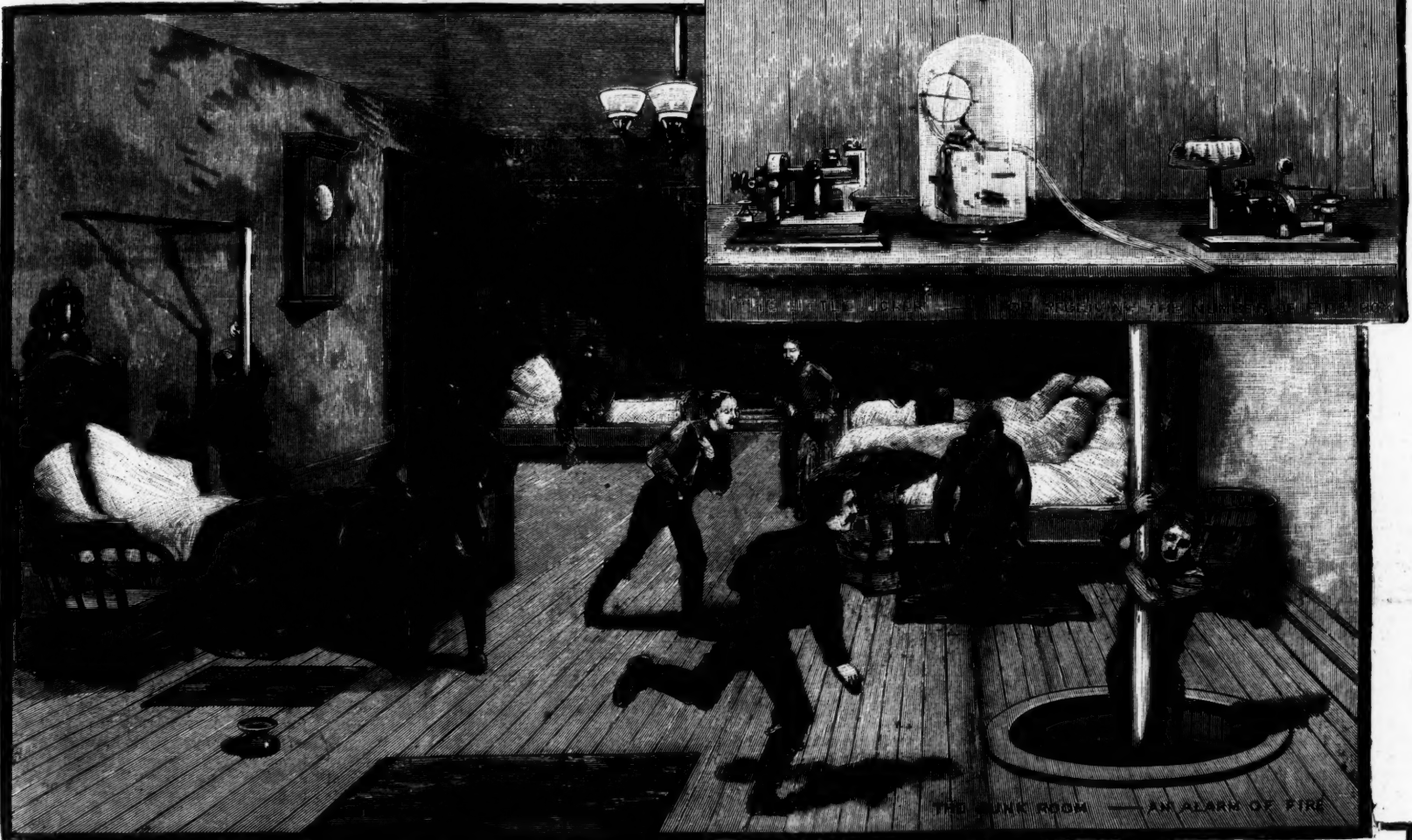




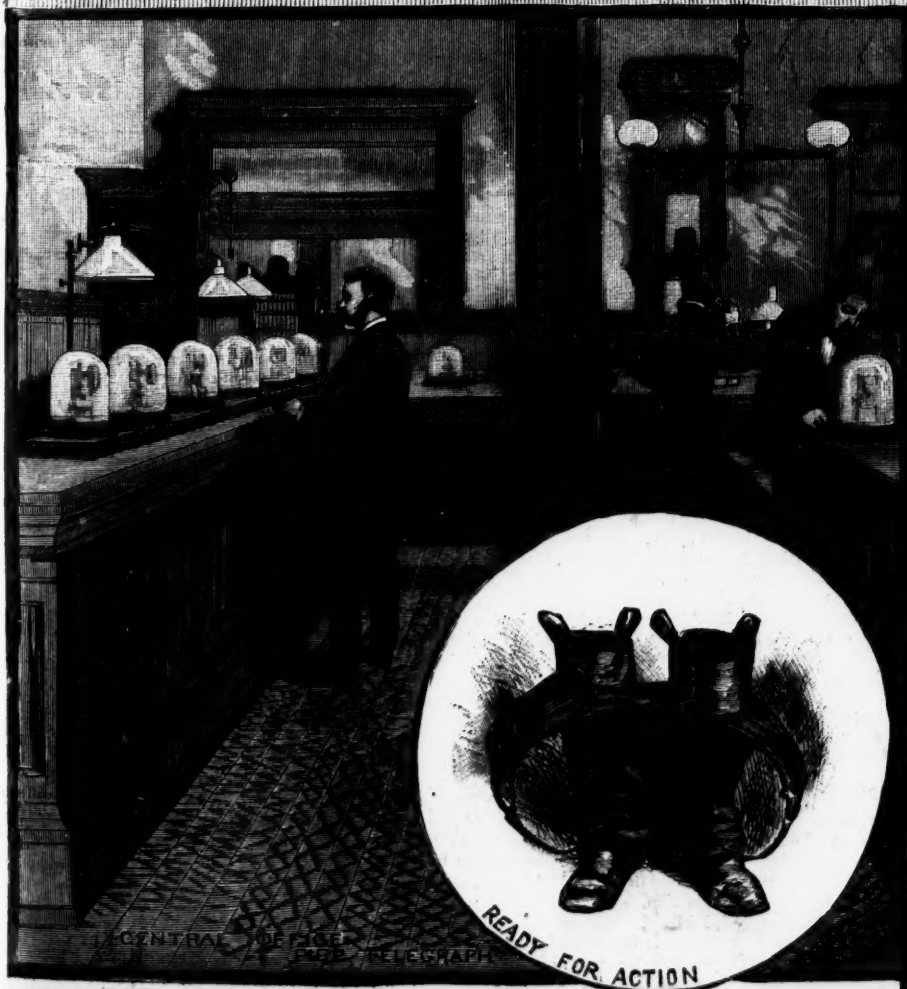
AN ENGINE HOUSE



CHIEF DENIS J. SWENIE.

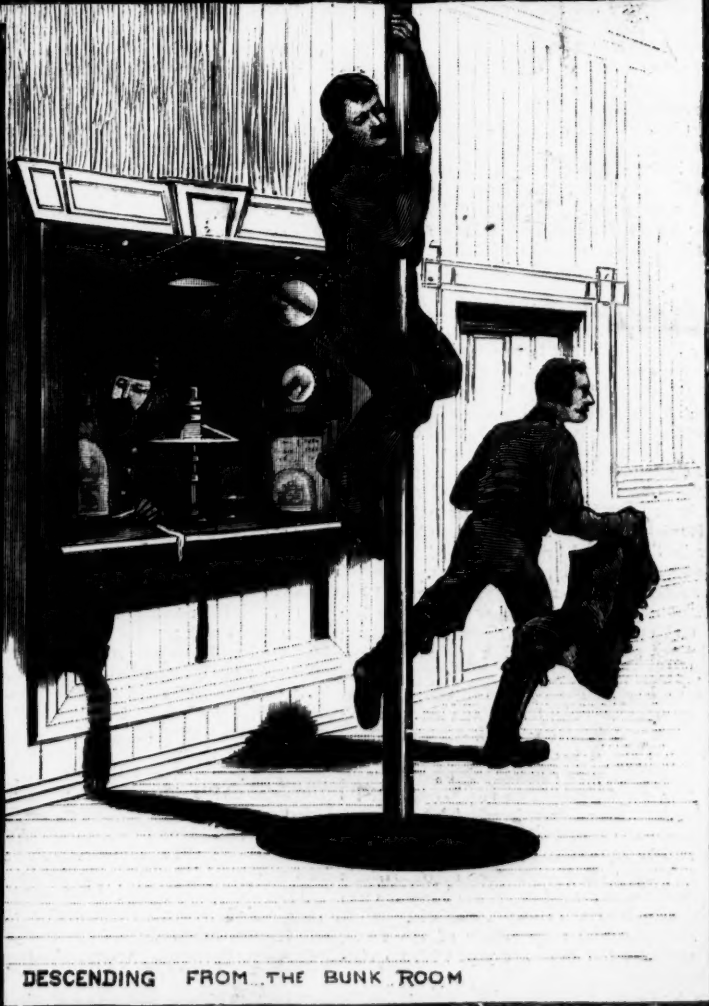


THE BUNK ROOM — AN ALARM OF FIRE



CENTRAL OFFICE TELEGRAPH

READY FOR ACTION



DESCENDING FROM THE BUNK ROOM



## DEAD ROSES.

ONLY a handful of scented dust:  
They were roses once, they were sweet and fair;  
You must take their loveliness now on trust.  
I wore them against my hair.  
Roses your own hand proudly bore,  
Through the crowded dancers, one Summer night;  
You blushed as you bent with your pretty gift;  
Had you forgotten, quite?

Poor little flowers! It were easy now  
To crush and scatter them down the wind;  
But I think, wherever their dust might go,  
Their sweetness would stay behind!  
And so I keep them, untouched, unchanged,  
To smile and sigh at—you wonder why?  
Well, that is a woman's way, you know—  
They are good to remember by.

I like to remember how fair they were  
On that Summer night when we sat apart,  
And your breath seemed caught in the eager throbs  
Of your passionate, strong young heart.  
What did you say to me? Words more true  
Than ever again your lips can say.  
For love and roses and life were new:  
They are withered and dead to-day!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

## MIS' HITT'S HUSBANDS.

BY EMMA A. OFFER.

THE young schoolmaster who presided during the Spring term over the seventeen bare-footed children of District Number Ten, East Centreville, Johnson County, did not find the social element of the neighborhood congenial.

There was no lack of society and social gayeties. The schoolmaster had attended a surprise party, a warm-sugar party and a "sociable" during the first week of his residence in District Number Ten; he had been stared at by red-handed, hair-oiled, tongue-tied youths danced; several Virginia reels to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel," rendered on a shrieking fiddle or a hoarse melodeon; been kissed by scores of buxom girls in innumerable osculatory games; and had since refrained from East Centreville festivities with a sternness which had been looked upon as "stuck-up," and which may, indeed, have been due in some degree to that complacent self-estimate in which young schoolmasters are not usually deficient.

He was fond of entertainment, however; and being thus thrown back upon himself, its chances seemed small. The comfortable old couple who boarded him were meek, industrious, deserving and commonplace; and he was not hopeful of discovering anything more exciting in District Number Ten. He was roused to a mild interest, therefore, when he found the "settin'-room," one morning, in the possession of an odd and somewhat startling old woman.

She was whitewashing the ceiling. She stood on top of a stepladder, and covered its cracked and yellowish surface with long strokes of her stubby brush. She wore a bright new calico dress with a short skirt which exposed her heavy masculine boots. Her hair, which was gray and scanty, was drawn back over frequent patches of baldness and fastened in a candid knot of the size of a hickory-nut. Her face was brown and wrinkled, with bright eyes; and she held a pipe between her lips.

The schoolmaster inquired concerning her as he sugared his lettuce at the breakfast-table: sugar and vinegar were the approved salad-dressing at East Centreville.

"That's Mis' Hitt," his hostess rejoined. "She kind of jobs round—lays carpets and whitewashes and papers and helps housecleanin' times. She's a master-hand, Mis' Hitt is."

"Mis' Hitt—she is unmarried, then?" said the schoolmaster.

"Law!" the old lady responded, while a faint blush stole into her faded cheeks: "she's be'n married four times. Hitt," she added, scrupulously, "wa'n't her last husband; but we didn't never git into the way o' callin' her Mis' Doty. It don't make no odds, as I know of—Doty, he's dead."

A week later the schoolmaster, who had conceived a liking for the outdoor aspects of District Number Ten, wandering in the dusk of the evening through an empty pasture lot which copious Spring rains had developed into a swamp, came suddenly upon a small red wooden building set into a corner of the pasture and backed by a piece of woods. Its unstable appearance, produced by the piles of stones upon which its four corners rested and its several props, made it obvious that it had been moved hither from its native spot, where it might have been a corn or hen house. In a chair in the open doorway, leaning forward on her elbows and smoking, was Mis' Hitt.

The schoolmaster went nearer and raised his hat. The old woman took her pipe from her mouth and eyed him with a fleeting suspicion; then she got up and shoved her chair back, hospitably.

The schoolmaster stepped inside and sat down on an anonymous object near the door, while his entertainer lighted her lamp.

Its light showed a cramped interior of one room. The walls were covered with newspapers, tacked up; an unseasonable stove retained its place, for lack of other refuge. There were a few attempts at adornment; which the hardened fingers and belated tastes of the inventor had not served to render successful. The schoolmaster's seat proved to be a nailkeg, whose hardness was not helped by its frill of brown cambric.

Mis' Hitt, from the one chair of the room, looked at her caller over her pipe with no visible curiosity.

"Saw ye t'other day," she observed. "Teachin' here, ain't ye?" And, when the schoolmaster assented, relapsed into silence with a nod.

"You are pleasantly situated," the school-

master ventured, looking out somewhat doubtfully over the shadowy pasture lot.

"I don't know as I be," said Mis' Hitt, apathetically. "I git along."

The schoolmaster made a second and a bolder attempt.

"I have lately received the news of the death of—of an aunt," he remarked. "It is exceedingly sad to lose one's friends, is it not? But, perhaps—very possibly—you have had no experience of the sort?"

Mis' Hitt removed her pipe, with a face wholly unresponsive. Her eyes shone in its darkened and withered surface with a suddenly increased brightness.

"I've buried four husbands," she said. Her expression was a mixture of solemnity and excusable pride.

"Ah!" the schoolmaster murmured. "The great consolation for death," he continued, "is the remembrance of the felicitous hours passed with the deceased. Your married life—lives—were happy, were they not?"

"Wal, I don't know," said Mis' Hitt. She crossed her knees and clasped her knotty hands around them. "I didn't have such powerful good luck gittin' husbands."

"Indeed?" said the schoolmaster. "One might judge, from a casual view, that you had been highly successful."

Mis' Hitt's seriousness did not alter. Apparently a joke was not in the line of her comprehension.

"Thar wa'n't none o' my men what ye might call likely," she said, without disturbance from the recollection of her time-softened troubles.

"They was a pretty or'nary set, I call 'em."

She puffed away in silent rumination.

"Your first husband, for example?" the school-

master suggested.

"Wal, he wa'n't much—Ike Heyward wa'n't," the old woman responded. Her eyes were fixed unseeingly on the blank stretch of sodden land; her face was intent with the absorption of reminiscence. "I was nigh onto sixteen when I married Ike, and Ike, he was somewhar round twenty. I hadn't been calculatin' to marry Ike Heyward; wa'n't lookin' to a week aforehand. I'd had it fixed up with 'Rastus Carter for a consid'able spell; we'd got the day sat, and 'Rastus, he'd spoke to the preacher. I don't know as I recollect jest what spiled it; 'Rastus, he flared up at somethin' or 'nother; consid'able techy, 'Rastus was—sandy-topped, freckly folks 'most gen'ally be. Wal, I didn't git him," said Mis' Hitt, brightening the bowl of her pipe with a puff or two. "And Ike Heyward he stepped in, and we was jined."

"Lived with his folks, Ike did; I don't know as I should 'a had no trouble with Ike if it hadn't ben fer that. Had the wing, Ike and me, and the rest o' the house was the ole folks'; but ole Mis' Heyward was into that wing enough sight more'n she was to hum, fussin' and pesterin' and nosin' round. She'd come in afore breakfast, and set watchin' me gettin' it, and tellin' as how I couldn't cook pork no more'n a cat, and didn't know no more 'bout fryin' pancakes 'n I did 'bout flyin'; and as how I wa'n't savin', and my washin's looked yellor, and my softsoap wa'n't half biled; and she'd go round cryin' 'bout Ike gittin' sech a poor shiftless piece, she was a pesky ole creatur."

Mis' Hitt spoke placidly. Her long-ago grievances had developed with years into impersonal facts.

"And Ike, he was jest as chicken-hearted as I ever see; he wa'n't no more 'count 'n a dish-rag. He didn't reely know who to side with; all he figgered on was to git out o' the muss. He'd take his fish-pole and go off and stay all day; oncet, when we'd ben havin' it pretty tough, his ma and me, he staid off a week. Long and spindlin', Ike was, and saller; alwus snortin' round with a cold, and wheezin' up with asthma, and ailin'; 'twa'n't no more'n I was lookin' fer when he started in to cough stiddy—there'd ben Heywards goin' off with consumption sence the beginnin' o' time. Ike, he didn't hang on like some of 'em; his Uncle Burridge, now, he was thirty year a-dyin'. Ike, he went off sudden; but he went dreadful hard. I never see no sech awful spells o' coughin' as he did have; seem's though he'd git ripped to pieces; and the way that creatur used to sweat nights—wal, the sheets 'd be wringin' wet."

The schoolmaster, listening with gratifying interest, looked in vain for any softening of the old woman's calmly narrative tone. The tragedy of fifty years ago had become a casual memory, interesting only for its harrowing details.

"He was jest skin and bone when he died; his arms wa'n't no bigger round 'n a broomstick, and his cheeks was sunk in so 't it fairly scart ye; he was a dretful-lookin' corpse." Mis' Hitt turned her eyes upon her listener in pleasurable anticipation of the effect of these items. "He was buried up in the old north buryin' lot—he was took up afterwards and put in the new one—and I went hum agin. I was powerful glad to get shet o' ole Mis' Heyward, now I tell ye."

"Our most poignant sorrows have their alleviating features," the schoolmaster observed.

Mis' Hitt puffed at her pipe. The chirping of frogs filled the pause.

"You were induced to repeat the matrimonial experiment?" said the schoolmaster. "You married agin, I infer?"

"I was a widder fer six months," Mis' Hitt responded; "but I could ben married afore that ef I'd a-min' to. 'Rastus Carter, he come round soon as Ike was put in under. He'd scraped up enough to git a place—pretty forehanded, 'Rastus was—and he was calculatin' to buy 'way up to the Corners, elus to the ole tannery. Wal, I told him ef he was goin' to live round that ar tannery I wa'n't, and all the powers couldn't make me; the smell was fit to knock ye down, jest about; and as to livin' with it right under my nose—it made me sick as a dog, the idee on't. 'Rastus, he was mad as a hor-

net; he went off a-rampagin', and 'twa'n't a week afore I heard he'd ben and married Pauliny Wiswell. She was gettin' along, Pauliny was, and she was terrible glad to git him."

"Wal, I didn't lay out to wait fer ever to git another man; but I vow I was clean sot back when Elihu Wilder come aidin' round. Ole bach'ler, Elihu was; must 'a ben nigh onto forty. He'd ben livin' by himself fer a long spell, over in the Holler; I hadn't never see him more'n oncet or twicet. I declar I didn't know but I was gettin' loony and seein' sperrits when he come nippin' in. Wa'n't much higher 'n a yardstick, Elihu wa'n't—seemed to ben stunted; and he was so kind o' dried up, thar didn't look to be nothin' to him."

"Wal, ef I'd a-knew what 'twas keepin' house fer a bach'ler I wouldn't never undertook it. Fussiest, narrowest little creatur I ever come within forty mile of, Elihu Wilder was. He'd lived thar by himself till he'd got as notional as a witch; he wa'n't no ways used to folks, and come to the pint, he didn't reely know how to stan' it havin' me thar. I guess he'd 'a give considerable to git unhitched agin, and I wouldn't 'a held off nother."

"It was a sight to behold, that ar house o' hien. Thar hadn't ben a hammer teched to it sence 'twas put up, and o' all the 'tarnal ole holes. The front steps was all rotted away. Thar wa'n't a hull winder in the house, and the ruf o' the keepin'-room leaked like a sieve. Elihu, he wouldn't hear to fixin' it up—tight as the bark of a tree, Elihu was. With all his naggin', he wouldn't do nothin' but put an old sawhorse by the front door, place o' steps, and board up some o' the winders. He'd a ben strung up sooner'n git shingles fer that ruf. Used to set tubs in thar when it rained and ketch water fer washin'; said 'twas handy. 'Bout as close-fisted as I ever come across, Elihu Wilder was. And what with his bein' so notional, I don't know how I stood him long as I did. He was wuss'n any old woman I ever see. Had the fore-room all crammed full of a sight o' ole truck he'd ben scrapin' up and savin', the goodness knows what fer—dried yerbs and ole tin pans and pieces o' rope and wagon-wheels and legs o' bedsteads; and he wouldn't hear to havin' 'em cleared out; wouldn't have 'em teched. He was sot in his ways as ever a bein' was created—jest. Went to bed at eight o'clock, year in and year out, and got up at four to the tick, and half-past four of a Sunday; and all the saints couldn't 'a made a minute's odds. Ef thar was anybody thar when the clock pinto to eight he never made no bones o' startin' 'em fer hump. Ef the heavens had a fell 't wouldn't 'a stirred him out o' his tracks. Ef I'd 'a knew what 'twas livin' with a bach'ler, I reckon I'd 'a steered clear o' Elihu Wilder."

"Wal," Mis' Hitt pursued, with a greater tranquillity of tone, "he didn't live but three year, Elihu didn't. He was took off with dropsy, fer all he'd never looked to have a pint o' blood in him. Wouldn't git no doctor ner have nothin' done fer him; he jest steeped up them ole yerbs o' hien and set round the stove stirrin' and drinkin' o' 'em. Wouldn't give up till the last minute; then he did give in to lettin' the doctor tap him. Thar was 'most a gallon took out o' him. He wa'n't a natural-lookin' corpse; he was swelled up so you wouldn't 'a knew him."

Mis' Hitt leaped over to drop the ashes of her pipe on the ground outside. Then she got up and filled it from a saucer in the cupboard, lighted it by means of a match and the lamp-chimney, and sat down, recrossing her knees.

"Did Mr. Carter reappear?" the schoolmaster inquired.

"'Rastus Carter, he'd went West a spell back. Pauliny Wiswell, she'd died o' the fever—'twa'n't no wonder, nuther, livin' so clus up to that ar tannery—and 'Rastus he'd picked up and went off to Injany. It come back that he'd got married agin out thar."

"And you followed his example?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes; I took up with Hitt fer the next one. Hitt, he hadn't ben livin' round here a gret while; but I declar I might 'a knew what he was by his courtin'; he was hangin' round sich an everlastin' time afore he come to the pint. I reckoned I shouldn't never git shet of him."

"Wal," said Mis' Hitt, musingly, "thar wa'n't much to Hitt, one way or 'nother. He was as lazy as all git out; used to set out whar 'twas sunny, sort o' dozin' off fer a hull day to a time; and that was pretty much all he did do."

She smoked silently for a moment. The lapse of time and the feebleness of Hitt's characteristics seemed to have well-nigh effaced him from her memory.

"Hitt," she added, without emotion—"Hitt was run over on the railroad; struck by the injine and histed forty foot in the air; wa'n't a hull bone left in his body. Folks did say he was too pison lazy to git out the way when he saw the injine comin'."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was reinstated. The hooting of an owl in the near wood sounded at slow intervals amid the drowsy clamor of the frogs. The schoolmaster watched the oddly angular figure, whose masculine effect was not much detracted from by the vivid calico dress. Mis' Hitt's bright eyes roved in his direction.

"'Rastus Carter 'd got back from Injany," she said. "He'd buried his last wife out thar, and he was lookin' round fer another, and when Hitt was took off he come spearin' round. Abram Doty, he was steerin' my way, and 'Rastus he flared up; jest as high-tempered as ever, 'Rastus was. He pinto out West agin, and I hain't never heered no more on him."

"Wal, I'd lived with a cur'us set o' men enough, the land knows; but Abram Doty was jest about the cur'usset. He was gittin' long towards seventy when I took him, and he was broke down consid'able; I don't know as he was jest right in his mind. He was so terrible s'pos, thar wa'n't no livin' with him."

Mis' Hitt's tone had no trace of apology. Piety, seemingly, had lain without the bounds of her experience, and therefore of her understanding.

"It 'peared to 'a struck in; he was clean possessed. Used to set round the house a-readin' in the Bible and meditatin' on his sins—that ar's what he give out to be doin'—most the hull time. The Methodies, they was havin' meetin's down to the pine grove, and Doty he was thar reglar twicet a dav. He over-persuaded me to go 'long oncet, and I wouldn't 'a ben got thar agin fer no money. Sech a set o' loons I never see; and Doty, he was 'bout the craziest on 'em. He got up thar and pranced round and screeched out as how he was lost in the ways o' sin and give over to the powers o' darkness and jest a-totterin' on the aidge of eternal jestic; and then he bust out a-singin'—couldn't sing much more'n a crow, Abram Doty couldn't. I declar ef 'twa'n't ridiculous; seventy odd year he was, and bald as a squash."

"Wuss'n ever after that, Doty was. He couldn't abear to see me lookin' no ways decent; he laid down that ribands and fixin's was insterments o' the devil; he chucked two o' my bunnits into the stove and tore up an alpacy gown. He'd go without tassin' a mouthful fer a day to a time—fastin', he give out he was—dear knows what fer; he was skinny as a rail to begin with. He got so worked up 'cause I stirred up a mess o' fried cakes of a Sunday oncet, that he went off to the woods and stayed thar fer a consid'able spell. Ketched his death thar, too; he come back clean sick. Nearlaly 'twas to the fust," said Mis' Hitt, with an increase of interest in her tone; "but a dretful lot o' things sot in—pneumony and the janders and blood-pisonin' and the swellin' o' the jint; the doctor give in 'twas the wust case he'd ever come nigh. Laid thar fer six weeks, Doty did; out of his head the hull time, and undergoin' sich sufferin's as I never hurd the like of; ye could hear him hollerin' and groanin' clean out to the street. Made consid'able of a stir, being sech a terrible bad case; had as big a funeral as I ever was to, Doty did."

Mis' Hitt's pipe was out; the pasture had grown quite dark, and the noise of the frogs was lessening. She got up and put her chair against the wall and closed the one small window near the ceiling by means of a broomstick. The schoolmaster, conscious that an ignoring of these signs would not avail him, rose from his nailkeg.

"I presume you do not consider it probable that you will marry agin?" he lingered to remark.

Mis' Hitt put up a bony hand to remove the one hairpin from her diminutive knot, which was apparently to be reconstructed for the night.

"I don't know but what I've had 'bout enough o' gittin' married," she responded, with undiminished gravity.

She waited, unimpressed, while her visitor bowed, to shut the door behind him.

The schoolmaster paid another visit to the isolated little domicile towards the close of his sojourn in District Number Ten, in consequence of a rumor which had come to his ears. It was to the effect that 'Rastus Carter had come back, and that he and Mis' Hitt had gone promptly to the justice and been made man and wife.

The rumor appeared to have substantial foundation. There were two figures in the doorway—Mis' Hitt's stock of chairs having been added to by one. The old woman sat quietly smoking, her arms folded on her knees and her eyes resting vaguely on the near field; the change in her condition, possibly owing to its lack of novelty, did not appear to have affected her. The little old man at her side, pale in comparison with her withered darkness, struck the schoolmaster with his resemblance to a mushroom beside a blackened toadstool; he had a round, shining crown, with a fringe of white hair surmounting a faded pink face. Its placid meekness might have led one to believe that his "techniness" and high temper were things of the past.

The schoolmaster, with a haunting certainty of being relegated to the nailkeg if he went in, contented himself with a bright impression of the small red house with the woods for a background and the swampy pasture for an unlimited front yard, and with Mis' Hitt and her last husband sitting in tranquil silence in the doorway.

## THE CHICAGO FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ON another page we give illustrations of some of the methods and equipments of the admirable Fire Department of the City of Chicago. An important branch of the service is the Fire-Alarm Telegraph, which has already been described in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The work of placing its lines underground is progressing rapidly, and is regarded as an important improvement. Including the six stations located in the Stock Yard district, the signal system of the Fire Alarm proper comprises 520 stations. In addition to the foregoing, there are 434 Public Police Boxes, any of which may be utilized, though the communication be not direct, the call being received at a police station, thence to the general office over a Jocker line, making 948 public stations; with the additional 332 private police boxes, we have 1,286 stations, from which fire assistance may be summoned, that are kept in working order by this Department. In October, 1884, the headquarters of the City Telegraph was removed from the "old rookery," which had, since the fire of 1871, furnished but indifferent accommodations to the service, and established in the present quarters in the new City Hall. In these, the conveniences, equipments and furnishings are unsurpassed by those of any similar undertaking in the world, and the facilities for the accomplishment of objects for which the system was organized, complete in every respect.

A very high standard of discipline is maintained, and the quarterly inspection of drill shows that the members are perfectly proficient in their several duties, while a first-rate progress has been made in the French pompier drill. The Department embraces thirty-five engine companies, ten hook-and-ladder companies, and three chemical engine companies, with an ample force of men.



shals, inspectors, telegraph-operators, repairers, etc., making an entire force of between 500 and 600 men. Two hundred horses are employed in the Department. The accommodations of the companies are neat brick buildings of two or three stories, and fitted up with all the modern improvements. The total number of alarms responded to in the course of a year amounts, on an average, to 1,700—from which it will be seen that the service is in no danger of becoming rusty from want of practice.

### THE YACHT-RACES.

THE race of the Atlantic Yacht Club, on Tuesday of last week, brought together three of the big racing-yachts—*Puritan*, *Priscilla*, and *Atlantic*—for the first time. The *Mayflower* had arrived from Boston, but held back for the New York Yacht Club race on Thursday. There was not enough wind to make the contest exciting. Such as it was, the *Priscilla* won it. Her success encouraged the home yachtmen, and demonstrated that she is a faster boat for the changes made in her since last year's races. New Yorkers also found satisfaction in the *Atlantic's* coming in second, while the *Puritan* gave up the struggle and was towed over the line.

There were thirty-six yachts in the race. The course for classes A, B, C, D and E was the regular forty-five mile one from the anchorage of the Club off Bay Ridge, down through the Narrows, to and around the stakeboat near Buoy 8, off the northern point of Sandy Hook, passing to the west of the same; thence to and around the Scotland Lightship, keeping it on the port hand, to and around the Sandy Hook Lightship, thence home, passing to the westward of the beacon on Riker Shoal. The big sloops finished at Buoy 15, just outside the Narrows, so that spectators on the bluffs on either side of the bay might have a chance to see them.

The first starting-signal was fired at 10:40. The *Puritan* got off first. The wind was light at the start, and it fell off still more as the fleet emerged in a bunch from the Narrows, and started across the lower bay, which was covered with steam-yachts and excursion-boats. As the racers approached the Scotland Lightship, a few puffs of wind gave the only real opportunity for racing that occurred during the day. The times of arrival at the Scotland Lightship will best show the rates of sailing: *Puritan*, 1:09:00; *Atlantic*, 1:16:31; *Priscilla*, 1:18:39.

At the Sandy Hook Lightship, the relative positions of the big sloops were reversed, the *Priscilla* rounding the point first (time, 2:24:35), the *Atlantic* a few seconds later, and the *Puritan* a good third. These positions were not changed on the home stretch. Before Buoy 15 was reached, the wind had fallen to a flat calm, and the yachts drifted up with the flood tide to an ignominiously tame finish. The time of the special-class sloops was:

Name	Start	Finish	Elapsed Time	Corrected Time
<i>Priscilla</i>	10:42:55	4:30:58	5:57:03	5:57:03
<i>Puritan</i>	10:49:20	Did not finish		
<i>Atlantic</i>	10:44:42	4:54:29	6:09:47	6:08:54

The other yachts got in late in the evening. In Class A, the *Grayling* beat the *Montauk* 8 minutes and 5 seconds.

The regatta of the New York Yacht Club, on Thursday, was a more interesting and satisfactory event than that of Tuesday. The four big sloops were all in the race, the *Mayflower* having been put in complete shape for her debut; and there was wind enough to fairly test the sailing qualities of the yachts. The *Priscilla* won again—this time a palpable victory, which confirmed her improvement, and raised the hopes of New York wonderfully. What now remains to be tested is her conduct in a stiff wind outside the bay, where the *Puritan* as yet holds the palm.

Twenty-six yachts started well together at eleven o'clock, the little English cutter *Clara* leading. The wind freshened as they emerged from the Narrows. By the time the last buoy, No. 8½, was reached it became evident that the *Priscilla* was outstriking her rivals. The cutter *Bedouin*, however, rounded two seconds ahead of her, and the *Clara* followed the *Priscilla* at about the same interval. The run out to the Sandy Hook Lightship, which gleamed bright-red against the black thunder-clouds and leaden sea, was a beautiful one. The *Priscilla*, with her enormous jibtopsail flying, beat out to windward at a rate which astonished everybody. She rounded the Lightship at 1:39:30, having gained six minutes on the *Atlantic*, more on the *Mayflower*, and still more on the *Puritan*, in that eight-mile stretch to windward. The *Bedouin* rounded at 1:42:45, the *Mayflower* at 1:50, the *Puritan* at 1:55, and the *Atlantic* at 1:59:50.

Successive calms, flaws and showers of rain hindered, but did not destroy, the interest of the home run. The *Priscilla* came in triumphantly ahead, encompassed with steam-yachts, excursion-steamer, tugs, and small-boats. She and the rest of the sloops all had their balloon jibtopsails set, and made a picture to be remembered as they glided over the finish line, at Buoy 15, just outside the Narrows below Fort Tompkins. They finished in the following order: *Priscilla*, 5:04:09; *Bedouin*, 5:09:25; *Atlantic*, 5:21:02; *Puritan*, 5:15:08; *Mayflower*, 5:42:22; *Grayling*, 5:45:39; *Thetis*, *Montauk*, *Gracie*, *Fanny*, *Fortuna*, *Cinderella*, *Ruth*, *Gitana*, *Dawnless*, *Republic* and *Daphne*.

The *Bedouin* and the *Clara* did some wonderful sailing. The former, it will be seen, would have beaten the *Priscilla* herself on time allowance had she been in the first class—to which re-measurement may yet assign her.

### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS, COMTE DE PARIS.

The question of the expulsion of the royal princes from France is still undecided, but it will no doubt continue to be agitated so long as the Comte de Paris and Prince Napoleon persist in aggressive avowals of their inherited rights to a throne. The Comte de Paris has just returned to France from Lisbon, where his daughter, the Princess Marie Amélie d'Orléans, was married last month to the Crown Prince of Portugal. The head of the Orleans family has had warm invitations from his comrades of '61 to come to America, but gratefully declines. If expelled, he will probably take up his exile's abode on the historic shores of Lake Lemán, in Switzerland, after a visit to England. The plans of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) are not announced; but wherever he may go, he expects that he "shall soon return to save those who have proscribed him from being guillotined by their friends of to-day." The Comte

de Paris, whose portrait we give, will be forty-eight years old on the 24th of August next. Wearing a full beard, he bears a slight resemblance to the late Comte de Chambord, to whose claims he succeeded.

### AN IRISH GARDEN PARTY.

The somewhat novel garden party given, on the 22d ult., by the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Countess of Aberdeen, appears to have been a great success. The entertainment was given in the beautiful gardens of the Vice-regal Lodge, in the Phoenix Park, and ladies and children were invited to appear in fancy costumes, of any device, but wholly of Irish material, while the gentlemen were required to wear Irish tweed or serge, Irish-made hats, gloves and poplin ties of St. Patrick's blue. Many of the costumes showed great originality, and all types and classes and periods of history were represented. Lady Aberdeen herself was attired as an Irish lady of rank of the fifteenth century, in a robe and mantle of the richest ivory-colored empress poplin; her ornaments were of ancient Irish pattern, and she carried a bouquet of roses, thistles and shamrocks. The Lord Lieutenant wore a suit of silver-gray poplin cloth, with a white hat. Her Ladyship's pages, two boys, were in a costume of Irish precedent, as shown in our picture.

### THE ROYAL WEDDING IN LISBON.

We give another picture relative to the royal wedding in Lisbon, on the 26th ult. This shows the bridal procession leaving the Church of San Domingo, where the ceremony took place, for the Belem Palace, the future residence of the Duke of Braganza. Multitudes of spectators, salutes from the guns of the ships anchored in the Tagus, the banners and fireworks everywhere, together with the magnificence of the dual cortège—Portuguese royalty and nobility on the one hand, and the Orleans princes on the other—formed a spectacle such as is rarely witnessed nowadays in republic-anizing Europe.

### M. TRICOUPI, PRIME MINISTER OF GREECE.

M. Tricoupis, who returned to power as Prime Minister last month, is one of the ablest and best-known of Greek statesmen. When he was overthrown on a fiscal question, a little more than a year ago, to be succeeded by his rival, M. Delanias, he had already conducted the affairs of the Kingdom as Premier for three years, with the result of increased prestige abroad and prosperity at home. That he possesses the confidence of his countrymen in an extraordinary degree is sufficiently shown in his recall during the recent political crisis. His austerity and justice in office have earned him the sobriquet of the Modern Aristides. In person, M. Tricoupis bears a noticeable resemblance to M. Clemenceau, the distinguished French radical.

### THE CHRISTENING OF KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN.

The infant son of the Queen Regent Christina and the late King Alfonso was christened at the Royal Palace, in Madrid, on the 22d ult., as Alfonso XIII., King of Spain. The magnificent ceremonies were performed according to the traditions of the Spanish Court, and witnessed by archbishops, bishops and priests, members of the royal family and Government, diplomats and municipal officials. The Pope was represented by a Papal Nuncio. On the same day Don Carlos published a manifesto repudiating the infant son of Queen Christina as the rightful successor to the throne of Spain, and declaring that he would never renounce his own rights to that throne.

### A FRUGAL PRESIDENT.

THE Washington *Capital* says that the President's salary is paid him in monthly installments—\$4,166.66, on the last day of each month—and the Treasurer always makes it a point to send him notes of the latest issue. Mr. Cleveland, as his predecessors have done, keeps a private bank account with Riggs & Co., and makes a deposit the first day of every month, reserving enough of his salary to pay current expenses, and setting a good example by putting the rest aside for a rainy day. It is stated that his account has shown a balance as large as \$35,000, as he has an income aside from his official salary. While he never has been a money-getter and he has earned in his profession all he has ever made, Mr. Cleveland has an economical disposition, and no luxurious tastes like his immediate predecessor. Before he entered public life he was making from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year by his practice, and could have lived like a lord. His expenses, it is said, were never more than \$2,500 a year, and he enjoyed himself as much as most men do.

His frugal habits were acquired in youth, for he was not born with a golden, or even a silver, spoon in his mouth, and he has found his pleasure in hard work. The President's Buffalo friends estimate that he was worth from \$20,000 to \$75,000 when he was elected, and has already increased that amount considerably by profitable investments and by the surplus of his salary.

### PERSIAN LETTER-WRITERS.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing of the inveterate slowness of the Persians, says: "To see a Persian write a letter or sign a document is a treat. He seizes his reed pen with an awful deal of circumspection, and dips it slowly, hesitatingly into the ink, then as slowly brings it on a straight line with his optics and examines it carefully, if the ink hasn't already disappeared—vanished in thin air, as it were. Having convinced himself that no such piece of magic has been performed by an unseen power, he gets himself into shape to pen his first letter. This requires various painful and violent contortions of the body, similar to those Sammy Weller of Pickwickian fame used to undergo when indicting his valentine, and then the paper is seized, again very slowly and unwillingly, and brought to within six inches of his nose. Then a dab is made. The first letter is done. It is taken up and duly admired, whereupon a rest of five minutes is taken, when the same series of evolutions and manœuvres is repeated to give birth to another letter, and so on. I watched a professional *mirza* (scribe) the other day. He was a man noted for his quick work. It took him eighteen minutes by the watch to write his first line.

"The amount of writing which the average white man will do in about half an hour will keep a Persian *mirza* very busy all day, and these *mirzas*, you must remember, are the salt of the nation; they are the learned men, the philosophers, the men of brain and thought. I will show you a manuscript the other day, quite pretty and odd, the writing almost as fine as steel en-

graving and all the dots and tittles of which Persia has such an abundance executed with neatness and precision, but still not as fine as many a manuscript in European or American libraries, written by the indefatigable hand of some good old friar of old. There were no illuminated initials nor any other fancy work about it—just the plain writing. I was told with exultation by a Persian that this manuscript had been written in the almost incredibly short time of thirty-six years. One of the aforesaid monks would have done it in a twelvemonth. These are specimens of the insane love for procrastination the average Persian cherishes in his bosom."

### HIGH ALTITUDES AND HEART DISEASE.

THE *Medical Record* has just reported a paper read before the American Climatological Association, by Dr. A. L. Loomis, of this city, which may be of vital importance to many people proposing to visit mountain resorts the coming Summer. Dr. Loomis details four cases in which heart disease was brought on by a change from a lower to a higher altitude. Two of these were persons going to St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks, at an elevation of only two thousand feet. One was that of a visitor to the Catskill Mountains, and the fourth had gone to Colorado. Though relief was afforded them by a return to lower levels, they all died within four or five weeks. As the result of his experience in twenty-six cases, Dr. Loomis concludes that "the risks which one with even slight cardiac insufficiency runs by passing from a lower to a higher altitude is certainly very great, and if the insufficiency be extensive such changes become immediately dangerous."

"This conclusion," says the *New York Herald*, "strongly supported as it is by Dr. Loomis's data, is especially important when it is remembered that cardiac insufficiency may exist in those who give no evidence of it while residing at or moderately near sea-level. It is well known that sojourn at the high resorts of the Swiss Alps is contra-indicated for persons suffering from diseases of the brain, heart, or the large vessels. The change in the blood due to deficiency of oxygen (calculation will show that ordinarily at an altitude of only two thousand feet 173.48 grains less of oxygen are inhaled than at sea-level) would alone explain the perils which many people incur by exchanging tidewater for high mountain air."

### FACTS OF INTEREST.

ON the Island of Chiloe, on the southwest coast of South America, they have 290 cold, rainy days in the year, four-fifths of the rain being mixed with sleet. Yet the natives of that remarkable clime enjoy an equally remarkable immunity from pulmonary disorders. Catarrhs are so nearly unknown that our current theories on the origin of "colds" seem in urgent need of a revision.

THE present English Parliament, which was elected last Fall, is made up as follows: Liberals, 336; Conservatives, 248; Parnellites, 86; total, 670, a majority being 336. On the Home Rule measure Mr. Gladstone secured 311 votes, and these may be looked for to still stand by him, so that he will have to gain enough from the Opposition to give him control of the new House. This he hopes to do by the help of the Irish vote in England.

THE statistics of the official *Life Insurance Gazette* shows that Saxony leads the world in the percentage of suicides, her annual average being 377 per 1,000,000 inhabitants. Next comes Denmark with 290; France, 150; Bavaria, 127. Turkey stands at the honorable end of the list with 22 per million Moslems, but in neighboring Croatia that number already rises to 40, and in Hungary to 52. Measured by that criterion, overpopulation would seem to be a sixteen-times-greater evil than despotism.

A PICTURE of the phases of life in San Francisco as seen in the streets on Sundays is given by the *Daily Report* of that cosmopolitan town. First, the streets "are alive with flags and picnic processions and resonant with brass bands; then the churchgoers have their own processions. From 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. the streets are almost deserted, and then the day closes with a grand conglomeration of returning picnickers, persistent churchgoers and idle promenaders till nine or ten o'clock, when the San Franciscans pretty unanimously retire to rest to get ready for the coming week's struggle for more Sunday spending-money."

Boston's memorial to Colonel Shaw, commander of the first negro regiment in the Rebellion, will be in the form of a concave receder, with an arched top, like a concave surfaced niche in a house. On the surface will be carved, in very high relief and heroic size, the figure of Colonel Shaw on horseback, and in the foreground, also in high relief, will be a company of colored troops, seemingly surrounding their leader. In the arch above the central figure will be carved, in low relief, a female figure heralding the fame of the martyred soldier. The memorial will be erected in front of the State House on the middle of that section of the face wall which extends from the gateway and steps on Beacon Street to Hancock Avenue.

In a recent interview with a Philadelphia *Times* reporter, General Butler said: "I have nothing more to ask of politics, or politicians. My ambition now is not to rust out. I'm trying lawsuits, partly because I like these legal contests and partly for the rewards of my profession, which, I am glad to say, are great enough to provide for my wants, so that I need not trespass upon the rights of my children. The practice of the law is to me like a game of chess. I win to-day and lose to-morrow, but the general average leaves me no cause to complain. With my present life I am entirely contented, and I have no inclination to disturb it, to play at any other game. But I still keep an eye and an ear upon current events, and still have a penchant for looking at politics, though at long range."

### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

JUNE 12TH.—In North Conway, N. H., Carlos Moran ("Harry Bloodgood"), the well-known minstrel and actor, aged 50 years. JUNE 13TH.—In New York, David Van Nostrand, publisher, aged 75 years. JUNE 14TH.—In New York, Jacob Wrey Mould, architect and musical critic, aged 61 years. JUNE 15TH.—In Brooklyn, Charles Dennis, Vice-president of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, aged 65 years. JUNE 16TH.—In Boston, Mass., Edwin P. Whipple, critic and author, aged 67 years; in Ramsey, N. J., Henry E. Rhoades, Sr., late Chief Engineer United States Navy, aged 64 years.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Minnesota Railroad Commissioners have reduced passenger rates to three cents a mile.

THE number of slaves in Cuba declared free between May 8th, 1885, and May 7th, 1886, was 25,523.

JAPAN has 300 miles of railroad in operation. The Japs make their own cars and build their own lines, bridges and tunnels.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs has recommended an appropriation to pay the expense of the inauguration of the Bartholdi Statue.

THE elections in Holland have resulted in the return of 47 Liberals and 39 Anti-Liberals. The previous Chamber consisted of 43 on each side.

BISHOP DUMAMEL of the Diocese of Ottawa has issued a circular denouncing the Order of the Knights of Labor, and warning Catholics against joining it.

THE New Jersey Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment of the lower court in the case of the book-makers who were convicted for selling pools at the Long Branch races.

THE Prohibitionists of Maine have nominated Aaron Clark, a farmer, for Governor, and have also made nominations for Congress in two of the Congressional Districts.

AN ice code has been projected for use in the vicinity of the Newfoundland Banks. It is designed for the purpose of conveying from one steamer to another the positions of icebergs, ice-fields or icefloes which may have been passed or sighted.

APPALLING mortality is reported among the British troops stationed at Assouan. One hundred and six men of the Dorset Regiment have died within the past two months. Of five hundred invalids on their way to Cyprus, ten dropped dead from heat in one day recently.

THE last mortuary report of the Health Officer of Savannah, Ga., shows a death-rate per 1,000 of the population of 12.19 for the whites and 122.94 for the colored people. This is bad enough, but the mortality of the colored children is even worse, being at the rate of 601.93 per 1,000.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Sun* says that the most successful horse-ranch in the American Northwest is owned by a Frenchman, Baron de Grancey. The ranch, which is at Fleur de Lys, French Creek Station, Dakota, is under the management of Count Anzias Turenne.

THE town of Falmouth, Mass., celebrated on the 15th inst., the two hundredth anniversary of its incorporation. All business was suspended, and the whole population joined in the festivities. The prominent State officials were also present. General John L. Swift, of Boston, was the orator of the occasion.

GENERAL MASTER WORKMAN T. V. POWDERLY of the Knights of Labor has issued a secret circular of warning against what he considers a plot to pack the General Convention, to be held in Richmond, next October, with politicians. This convention will elect a General Master Workman and other officers.

THE Trustees of Cornell University have voted to establish a law school in connection with that institution. The class which graduated at this University last week numbered eighty-three members. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon ex-President Andrew D. White and President Jordan of the Indiana State University.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the admission of Michigan into the Union was celebrated at Lansing on the 15th inst. There were addresses to an immense concourse of people, a barbecue, and other festivities. Michigan now ranks ninth among her sister States in point of population, and is making more rapid progress in all respects than at any former period of her history.

THE Brussels Socialists have resolved to continue the agitation in favor of universal suffrage, and to begin a general strike when workmen have gained sufficient strength. They have also decided to hold a monster demonstration on August 15th, the date of the national fête. If the Government prohibits this demonstration, a general strike will be declared on the following day.

THE French flag has been hoisted over the New Hebrides Islands, and troops are in possession of two of the group. The object of the occupation is said to have been the punishment of the natives for the murder of several agents of a French company. A protest having been made by England, the French Premier gives assurance that his Government will haul down its flag.

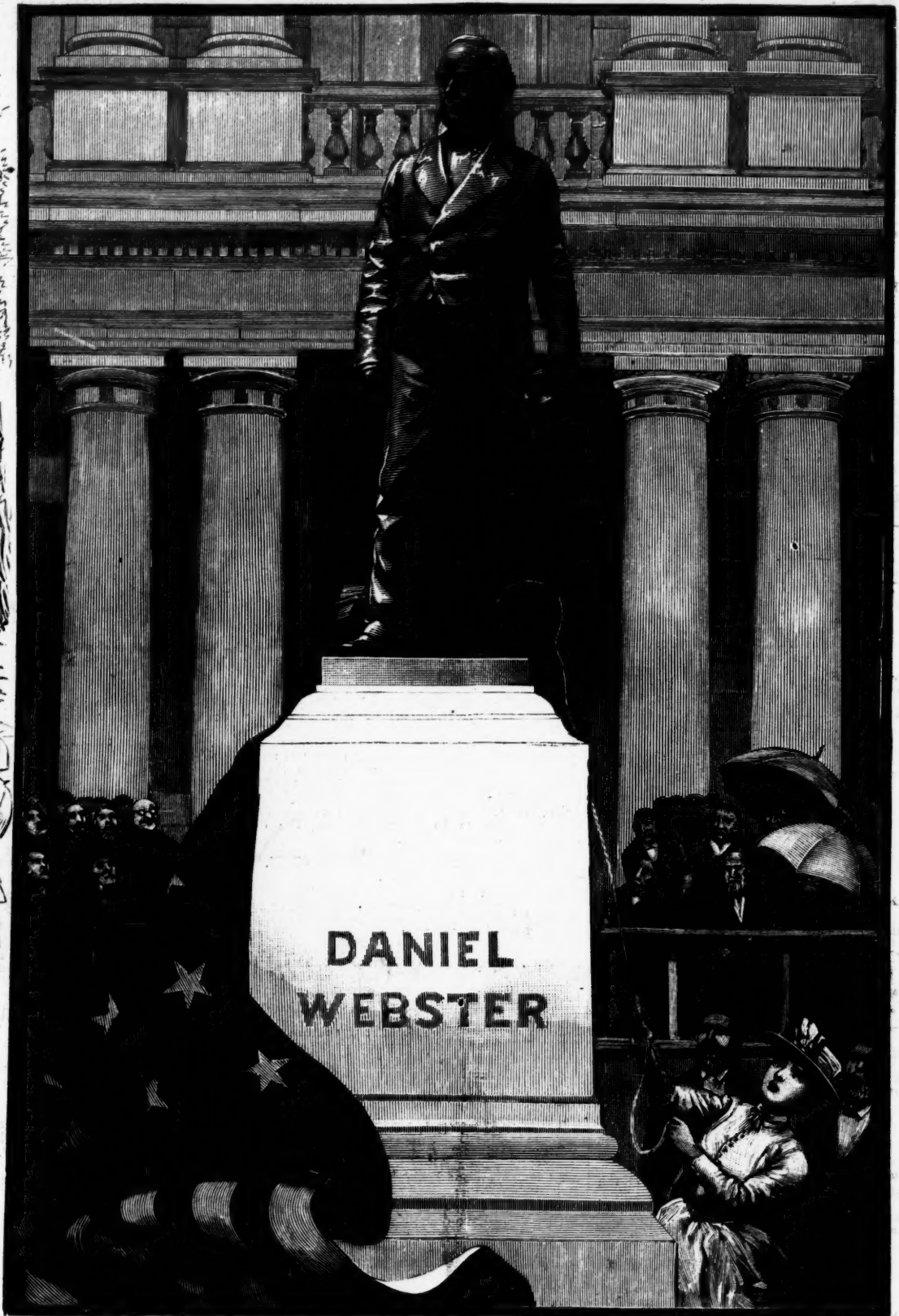
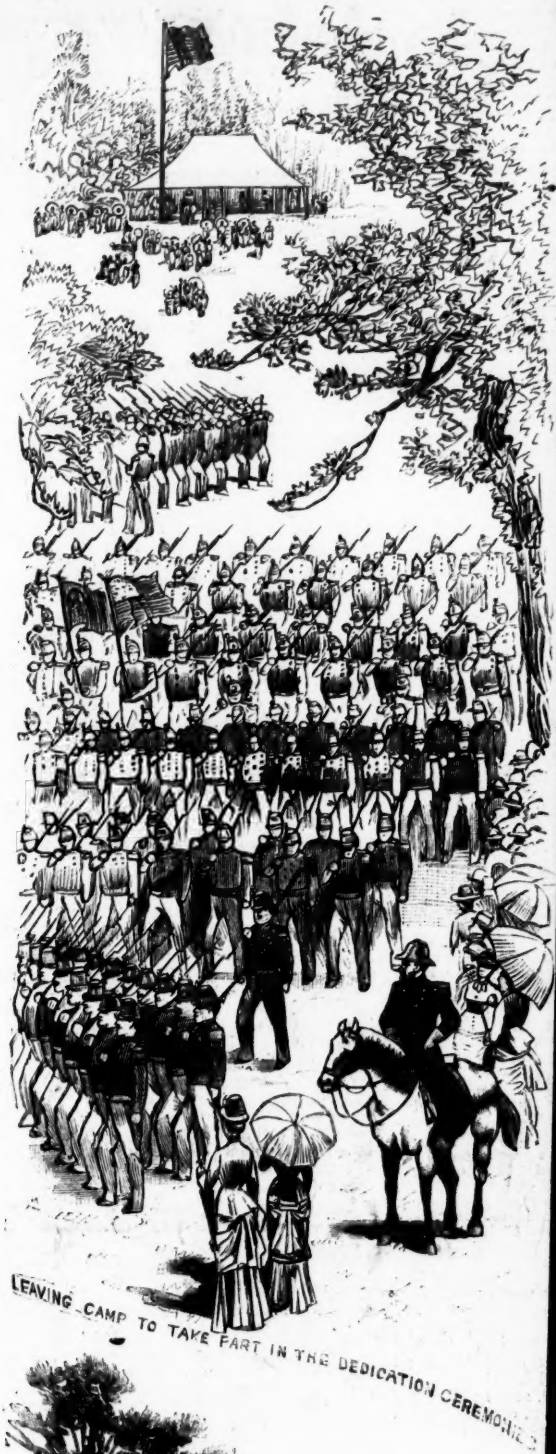
It is expected that the Bulgarian Assembly will soon proclaim the union with Roumelia. The Porte will not attempt to prevent it, although Turkish troops are being massed on the Roumelian frontier. The sole danger of trouble arises from the possibility of Russia insisting that the Porte forcibly enact the Treaty of Berlin, failing in which, Russia herself will take action in the matter.

THE Bulgarian-Roumelian Assembly was, last week, opened in person by Prince Alexander, who in his address expressed his pleasure at meeting delegates from both sides of the Balkans, and thanked the nation for rising as one man in defense of the Fatherland. "United Bulgaria," the Prince declared, "has earned an honorable place among nations. We are justified in hoping for a brilliant future."

THE Premier of Nova Scotia, speaking of the result of the recent elections, says: "Victory in Nova Scotia means something more than the triumph of the Liberal party. It means that our Province is deeply dissatisfied with Canadian confederation, and desires the co-operation of New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island in a movement for a separation from Canada and the formation of a union of the maritime Provinces, the people of which have interests in common."

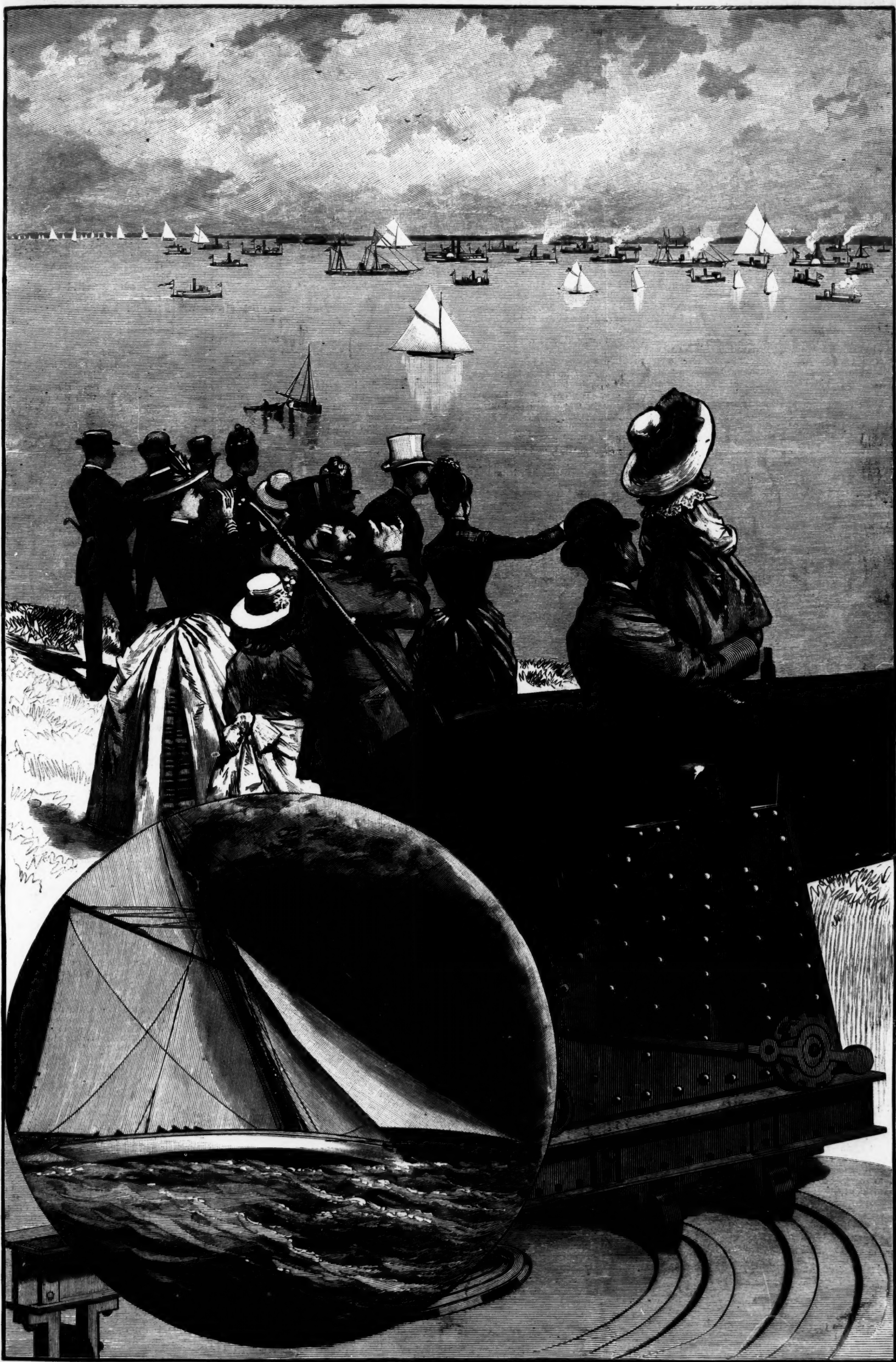
THE Statistical Bureau of the Treasury Department has prepared tables which show that there was an increase of \$37,392,511 in the value of imports during the nine months ended March 31st, 1886, as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year. The value of domestic exports during the nine months ending March 31st, 1886, shows a falling off of \$74,662,085 as compared with the corresponding period of last year. There was an increase of \$3,700,000 in the value of corn exports, and an increase of about \$4,000,000 in the value of leaf-tobacco exports. There was a decrease of about 35,500,000 bushels in the exports of wheat, a decrease of over 2,750,000 gallons in the exports of Bourbon whisky, and an increase of about 14,000,000 pounds in the exports of lard.





NEW HAMPSHIRE.—DEDICATION OF THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER IN THE STATE HOUSE PARK, CONCORD, JUNE 17TH  
SCENES AND INCIDENTS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 299.





1. THE FINISH AS SEEN FROM FORT HAMILTON—THE FLEET SALUTING THE "PRISCILLA."

THE REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 17TH—THE "MAYFLOWER'S" GRAND BURST OF SPEED.  
FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 296.



## The Shadow from Varraz.

By PROF. CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,  
Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and  
Loves that Jack Had," "Of Two Evils,"  
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED).

IT was a beautiful day in the springtime when I reached the little town where Mr. Sylvester had suffered the penalty for his alleged crime. The trees were beginning to show their fresh young leaves. The green grass was springing up everywhere. There were flowers in the fields and along the roadsides. I sat at dinner in the little hotel, looking to where the prison could be seen, a couple of miles away. I could scarcely realize how terribly I had suffered there. It seemed so unjust, so dreamlike, so much as though my wish would have opened the doors to freedom.

But, dreamlike and vague though the memory of those two awful weeks might be, they had been horribly real once. I must be sure that there should be no repetition of them. I made use of some letters of introduction which I had secured in various ways. I called on the authorities of the prison. I was shown over the institution. My attention was drawn to the strength and security of the walls and doors and bars.

"No one has ever escaped from here," said the officer, proudly. Do you wonder I shuddered?

My secret was still my own when I left the prison. I had stood, in smiling conversation with the officers with me, just outside the cell in which I had suffered more agony than a thousand deaths could have given. I had seen the one there look up, when we opened the door, as though hope had touched him; I had seen him look down again with a dejection that seemed an echo of what my own had been. I walked from the prison-door, ninety-seven steps, the courteous man at my side who had been so cruel once.

"It is here we set up the gallows, when we have to inflict capital punishment," said the officer, in the most matter-of-fact way. I presumed he was a good husband and father; I didn't doubt he was a good man; but when I read of tyrants and torture—I always thought of him.

I don't know the name of the man who occupied the cell which had once been my abode. I don't know the crime of which he was accused. I do not know what penalty there was before him. I cannot say what sort of man he was. I presume he was guilty. But, when I said my prayers that night, I did not forget him.

My secret was my own. Yes, thank God. You may repeat, as often as you will, the old, old saying: "While there is life there is hope." You may say what you will of moral courage; you may speak as harshly as you wish of the man who is too much of a coward to meet fate unshrinkingly. In the abstract, I believe as you do: on general principles, I agree with you. But I carried my hand in my pocket all that afternoon; if the prison officials had laid hands on me, saying "Sylvester" to me, they would have found me ready; I should have answered them by putting a bullet through my own brain. I had resolved never to go into that cell again.

I had a letter of introduction to Count Varraz. It is not necessary for me to detail the way in which I obtained it, nor to speak at length of the time and patience it took. It didn't start with John Adams Sylvester, you may be sure of that. Captain Jack Adams made a chance acquaintance or two, and used them, and used their friends, and used the friends of their friends, and so on, until he had a very neat little note in his possession, running much as follows:

"COUNT CARL VARRAZ, CASTLE VARRAZ:  
"My Dear Old Friend—This will introduce Captain Adams, lately in the service of England in India. Captain Adams is off duty on account of some affection of the liver, and is going over the Continent in a leisurely manner, trying to learn more of our country and people than the ordinary tourist can. Any attention you may give him will be considered a personal favor."

Armed with this means of making his acquaintance, I boldly made my way to Castle Varraz.

It is not necessary for me to mention the advantages which I expected to gain through a brief residence at the castle. The narrative has already made them evident. It may be well to state some of the possible disadvantages. There was the danger of my secret being discovered, and of my arrest following. I felt, however, that I could so act as to make that danger a very moderate one. There was the danger that the count might be as unpleasant a friend, and as dangerous a one, for Captain Jack Adams as he had been for Mr. Sylvester. I recognized the fact that I might run as serious risks in my new character as I had in my old. But, be that as it might, there was only one thing that I felt willing to do. I must live at Castle Varraz again—and I would.

I went there fully alive to the character of the count. I went there fully determined to unmask him, and to see justice done. I went with the resolve that if the Lady Ilga Varraz could gain her reason, I would do my best to win her. I even pondered on the advisability of being Captain Jack Adams to all others, but Mr. Sylvester to her. I was almost ready, so anxious was I to win her favor, to trust my secret—the secret which alone stood between me and an ignominious death, a certain death this time—to a woman who was liable to have embarrassing attacks of forgetfulness.

Fate, or circumstances, took care of that latter rash scheme for me, however, and prevented my taking such a risk as that would have been.

The count received me with great kindness and consideration. I was assigned to the rooms which I had already occupied before, under another name. I was introduced to a gentleman who was long and thin and lean: "My friend, the great and eminent scientist, Dr. Illeon Brajazzi," said the count.

I dined with these two gentlemen. I learned in the course of the conversation that the count's sister, known as the Lady Ilga, was under the doctor's care, and that she saw no company whatever. I expressed my regrets at not having the happiness of forming the acquaintance of so charming a lady as I had understood she was. I smiled and talked. I told a story of tiger-hunting rather closer to probability than the one I didn't tell the colonel, for I had been reading up on the subject since that unfortunate occasion, but marvelous enough to stamp me as a first-class liar. Inwardly I raged at the doctor's decision.

In the early evening I took a walk in the grounds. I went alone. I lighted a cigar. I strolled leisurely along. I felt safe. I was quite satisfied with myself. I looked hopefully towards the future.

I turned down a narrow and lonely footpath leading towards the river. I smiled quietly to myself. I congratulated Captain Adams on his cleverness.

There was a sudden footfall behind me. A hand was laid lightly on my arm. An anxious face glanced all about us, as though fearful that there might be watchful eyes and quick ears in grove or thicket close at hand.

My nervous visitor was Hans.

"I wouldn't have done it, Mr. Sylvester, indeed I wouldn't," he said, in a whisper; "it's quite the most foolhardy thing I have ever heard of."

"What do you mean, sir? I am Captain Jack Adams."

"Yes, I heard you were. But you are Mr. John Adams Sylvester, too. I knew you the moment I saw you. Your disguise is the most transparent thing I ever saw. You are the most awkward attempt at a captain that a man ever made. I wouldn't have done it." And he shook his head gravely.

"Why, my dear fellow," said I, in a voice of condescending expostulation, "Mr. Sylvester was hanged."

"I always thought so until a half-hour ago. I wasn't quite sure it wasn't your ghost that was crossing the lawn then. But you're solid flesh enough, and your wig and beard don't deceive me in the least. You needn't pretend you are what you are not. You needn't try to put on airs as Captain Somebody. I know you as well as I ever did."

There was no use in further denial. There was need for a quick and definite understanding with this man. I was just as determined as ever not to go back to prison again. It was necessary to know just what my chances were.

"Well, suppose I admit that you are correct? What then?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"No more than this bit of friendly advice: Get away from here as speedily as possible, and never, never come back."

"You say friendly advice. Are you disposed to be my friend?"

"Certainly."

"You don't intend to deliver me over to the authorities?"

"I? Never!"

I took him by the shoulders and turned him until the moonlight fell full upon his face. I looked him in the eyes. I was satisfied.

You wouldn't have been? You would have remembered that this man's past would make unpleasant reading? You would have forgotten the good in him? Ah, my friend, that is because you don't know men. When you have a bad man's friendship, you have something worth keeping; a good man may fall—be careless, false, a traitor; the man who can fall no further, but who says he will stand bravely by you, is sure—certain—safe.

My secret was my own yet, though I had Hans to help me keep it.

I talked for a little longer time with Hans, and then I walked back towards the castle alone. I lighted another cigar. I did not hurry. I enjoyed the pleasant night.

I met Dr. Brajazzi a quarter of a mile away from the castle. His manner convinced me that he had no suspicion of my identity. It was not to be wondered at that he should be less acute than Hans in this matter. The circumstances under which he had known me were too strange, and the time during which I had been with him had been too short, for it to be likely he would know me in my disguise and under these new circumstances.

I offered the doctor a prime cigar. He accepted it. We walked back and forth together in the moonlight.

"I regret to learn of the illness of the count's sister—Lady Ilga is her name, is it not?"

"Yes, Lady Ilga. She is recovering rapidly, though."

"I should presume she would, under your care. Your fame is well known in England; I have heard your skill spoken of in India."

"Thank you. I believe my reputation is somewhat widely appreciated. I shall add new laurels to my fame by curing the Lady Ilga."

"Her disease is a dangerous one, then?"

"It might become so. Her trouble is mental. At times she is entirely rational regarding anything in the present or the future; her memory of the past is faulty; she reads, writes, sings, plays, paints; she is, in fact, an educated lady; but she knows nothing of a past—nothing exact and definite—extending back not quite a year."

"But you will cure her?"

The doctor stepped to a willow-tree which stood only a few steps away. He bent down a long and slender twig.

"Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Certainly it is," I responded, utterly at a loss to understand his purpose.

"There will be beautiful leaves upon it soon, will there not? The sweet Summer winds will sway it lovingly, will they not? The hot sun will

coax it to grow; the white moonlight will fall restfully over it, will they not?"

"Yes," I said.

"Call the tree the House of Varraz. Call the supple branch the Lady Ilga. Do you follow me?"

"I am trying to. But I confess I do not quite understand you."

The doctor drew his knife from his pocket. He ran it around the slender branch twice, making the cuts a couple of inches apart; he roughly tore away the strip of bark between the two circular strokes he had made with his ready blade. He tossed the bark upon the earth, and set his heel upon it.

"What will Summer's sun do for this dainty branch now? Do you see anything for it but slow death?"

"Nothing."

"Well, it is something like this that has happened to Lady Ilga. Violence of some sort has fallen near her. Do you see her danger?"

"I think I do."

The doctor raised his knife. He made a quick cut. He severed the branch just above the rough wound he had made. The piece he had was some fifteen or eighteen inches long.

"Come," he said.

I followed him.

Down in a little valley, some twenty rods distant from the tree from which he had cut the piece he carried, he stopped. The place was sheltered from wind and cold. The sun would find it early in the morning. The first faint stars would look down upon it at night. The soil was moist. He forced the branch into the earth, leaving only a few inches in sight.

"See!" he cried; "see! It will live. It will grow. The wound was cruel. The knife was keen with which I found a way to begin the miracle which the rain and the wind and the sunshine and the cool dews of night will finish. Do you comprehend?"

"Partly. And the Lady Ilga?"

"She will be cured. She will grow strong. In a new life she will have new beauty. Under new surroundings she will be self-reliant."

"But—but—"

He gravely bowed. He looked at the beginning of the new tree he had planted. He glanced up the hill to where a slight elevation shut the older tree from view. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Like this, there will be no past for her."

"No past?"

"No past. What she remembers now, at her best, she will remember then. Her education, her accomplishments, these she will retain. But her hope must look forward, not back. When I can truthfully say that she is cured, her past life will be beyond any help of repairing."

I shivered. The night wind was chill, though Spring was in the land. As though moved by one impulse, we returned towards the castle.

This, then, was to be the end! Steeped in forgetfulness, the soul of the Lady Ilga would turn towards me no more. The secrets I had hoped to fathom would be secrets for ever. The count would be safe. The doctor would win the woman we both loved. What an ending to my daring dreams!

I bade the doctor good-night at the castle-door. I could not go in yet. I walked to a rustic seat beneath a tree, and at no great distance. I sat wearily and dejectedly down. I smoked in silence, never minding the growing cold, and watched the stars climb higher and higher from the far-away eastern horizon.

Suddenly I heard voices near me. I looked that way. My heart almost stood still. There came the Lady Ilga, stronger, in greater health, far more beautiful than I had ever seen her. And the arm was about her waist that I had seen about it when I had been a guest at Castle Varraz before; her head was on the shoulder where I had aforesaid seen it lie; the foot which she had stooped to the stirrup to kiss, one well-remembered day, kept step with her own. They did not notice me. But as I looked in the man's face, unseen by him, the old haunting question crept into my brain again: Is the count a saint, after all?

They paused at the doorway, just in the shadow of one of the great towers. I could not see their faces then; but they were plainly in sight so far as their general forms were concerned. She raised her face towards him. He stooped towards her.

And just then—

A man came to the window of the great library and stood looking out. His face was cruel and cunning. It was a face of malignant wickedness. His will was off guard; the face, just then, indexed the man. It was the face of Count Varraz! The face of a fiend! Who, then, kissed the sweet lips of the Lady Ilga?

CHAPTER XXII.—THE COUNT'S WORK, AND WHAT HANS DID.

IT was late when I retired to my room that night, but I could not sleep. There were many, many things to think of, very many matters which would long keep slumber from my eyes.

I must be careful regarding my disguise. Captain Jack Adams must be my first care. Then I must watch Dr. Illeon Brajazzi; the Lady Ilga must not be cured in the way he had indicated, if love and earnest work would prevent. I felt that Hans must be watched, too; he would not be false; but he might be careless. Most of all, I must watch Count Varraz—Count Varraz the villain, and his saintly second self—or Count Varraz the good, and his devil double! Which?

I sat at my table. I tried to read, but there was nothing of interest in the printed page. Why should I read romance, when my own life was stranger than any romance ever penned? Why should I read of adventure, when the dangers around me were greater than the imagination of man had ever invented? Why should I read aught

of philosophy or psychology, when the questions which circumstance had laid at my very feet were such as no man could ever hope to answer—not in this world?

I laid away the volumes I had hoped would amuse me—the volumes which I had hoped would serve to let my tired mind go free for a time from the need of thought and doubt.

I took up my pen. I drew a pile of large sheets of paper towards me. I wrote down many things. I wrote rapidly. My pen could not keep pace with my hurrying thoughts. I wrote some things I knew, some facts of the strange life I had been made to lead; but, when one is confined to fact, he must wait until the mysteries lighten, or must be content to write little. What I knew of the circumstances and conditions about me was not much; I had written it all down in an hour. I wrote what I believed and what I suspected. I wrote of two men in a German wood; of the count that had the hate of the Lady Ilga, and deserved it; and of the man whose foot her loving lips had touched; of the man who rode away on a white horse; of the man who rode home on a black one. Belief and suspicion are long stories; the night was growing old and gray when I had briefly and succinctly stated what of them I found in my heart and brain.

What I feared! I could not begin to write all that. The most prosaic life is hedged round with doubt, beset with fears, filled with dread. What, then, must be said of a life like mine? The night was lessening too fast for such a task; already the stars were growing dim; the flush of coming morning was growing into the haze along the far-off hills. I would not write my fears, many though they might be, with the dark night just on the threshold of God's glorious dawn; I would not, and I could not.

I wrote nothing of hate. The forgiveness we shall all need some day stirred in my soul, making my thoughts less bitter.

My hopes! I drew a fragment of paper towards me. I smoothed it lovingly with my hand. I dipped my pen in the ink. I wrote!

"Lady Ilga"; these were the only two words I put upon the page. This was all I had to say. My head fell forward upon my breast. I looked into the fire. I gave myself up to reverie. I found my sight dim; I was looking through tears. "Lady Ilga!" My thought was not essentially different from that of other men, ever since Adam. Strong, vigorous, full of health—I hoped no further than the best blessings earth could give. I had no greater guerdon to gain, no higher hope to record, than the words I had written told: "Lady Ilga."

(To be continued.)

### KING LUDWIG'S FATE.

THE romantic life of King Ludwig II. of Bavaria has ended suddenly, and in mystery; for if any living person knows just what took place by the shores of Lake Starnberg on Sunday evening, the 13th inst., he will probably never tell it to the world. History can only record that the "mad King" committed suicide by drowning. Popular legend will give another version of the story of his taking off, making the most of accompanying and antecedent circumstances to take the responsibility from the King, whom a sentimental conservatism continued to the last to regard with toleration and even affection.

The decree deposing King Ludwig was promulgated on Thursday, the 10th inst., by Prince Luitpold, the King's uncle, who was declared Regent. This the unfortunate King violently resisted. Finally he was persuaded by his physicians to go to his favorite Versailles chateau, the Schlossberg, on Lake Starnberg, about an hour's ride by rail from Munich. King Ludwig was in charge of his faithful and favorite physician, Dr. Gudden, and the journey from Hohenenschwangau was made by carriage. Groups of people assembled at various points along the route, meeting the afflicted monarch with affectionate and mournful demonstrations. It is certain that, while all the Bavarian Governmental authorities consented to his incarceration, the hearts of the peasantry went out towards the King in the firm belief that he was the victim of political intrigue. His calmness upon his arrival at the guarded castle, and up to the hour of his drowning, are supposed to have been the result of a deliberate determination, previously taken, to commit suicide.

On Sunday afternoon, when he dined with his physician, Dr. Gudden, his manner was composed. About six o'clock he and the doctor left the castle for a walk, the attendants being ordered to remain indoors. Two hours passed, and they did not return. Anxiety being now awakened at the castle, the servants and the people of the village were sent to scour the park. For a long time their search was unsuccessful, until at length the lake was dragged. At eleven o'clock the body of the King, in his shirt-sleeves, was found in about six feet of water, some distance from the shore. Shortly afterwards, Dr. Gudden's body was also discovered. From the tracks on the bank, and other clues, what took place is supposed to have been something as follows: The King, awaiting a favorable moment, threw off his coat and made a dash for the lake. Dr. Gudden sprang after his royal charge, but the madman outran him. The doctor caught him by his shirt-sleeve, but he was already in the water. The finger-nails of the doctor were broken off in the endeavor to drag back the King; and now began in the water the struggle for life and death. The King was of giant figure, and his guardian was a small man. The contest was thus unequal. The doctor was forced under the water, and both men were drowned. The police bulletin issued in Munich the following morning stated that "the bodies of the King and Dr. Gudden were found in the water. Both showed slight signs of animation. Efforts to restore life, however, were unavailing."

The news of King Ludwig's tragic death was received in Munich with every demonstration of sorrow, and some excitement. The public buildings were draped in mourning, and the church-bells tolled. Thousands of citizens surrounded the palace awaiting the issue of proclamations in regard to the succession to the throne.

A proclamation was promptly issued, "in the name of the King, the Royal House, and its people who through good and evil fortune have remained faithful." It says: "This House has sustained a



severe stroke of destiny. By God's inscrutable decree King Ludwig has departed this life. By his decease, which has plunged Bavaria into grievous sorrow, the kingdom has passed, in pursuance of the Constitution, to our well-beloved nephew, Otto. As he, by a long-standing malady, is prevented from governing himself, we, the nearest agnate, will administer the Government in behalf of Otto."

At ten o'clock Monday morning the generals of the Bavarian Army met and took the oath of allegiance to King Ludwig's brother Otto, who at once assumed the title of King under the name of Otto I. He is three years younger than Ludwig, having been born April 27th, 1848. Otto, however, will be simply nominal King, as he is mentally incapable of governing, and Prince Luitpold, his uncle, will remain Regent. The change in succession will not necessarily affect German politics; though the excitement over the peculiar manner of King Ludwig's death is so strong that serious consequences may ensue.

The King's remains were brought to Munich in a hearse on Monday night, the 14th inst., and laid in state in the Residenzschloss, being viewed by immense crowds of people. The funeral took place on the 19th.

A scientific autopsy made upon the King's remains revealed an abnormal structure of the skull and the existence of a degenerative process in the membranes of the brain, due partly to chronic inflammation. Dr. von Schleiss, who was formerly King Ludwig's physician, denies that the King was insane. He says that Ludwig was eccentric only.

Dr. Gudden, the physician who lost his life in attempting to save the King, is the father of Mrs. Dr. B. Gudden, of Oshkosh, Wis., and a brother of Dr. William Gudden, of the town of Black Wolf, in the same State. The dead physician was sixty-eight years old, and leaves eight children.

The life of Ludwig II., which has been the theme of writers and romancers for a score of years past, need not be reviewed here. It has been truly said that if this "new Hamlet" was indeed mad, he was mad north-northwest; and, when the wind was southerly, knew more about some things than most men in their wits. Plainly, however, his capacities were not for the administration of the affairs of a kingdom. Born in 1845, he came into his royal heritage at nineteen years of age, having been up to that time under the tutelage of ecclesiastical instructors, who had compelled him to lead a secluded and almost ascetic existence. In topics of statecraft he had not been instructed, and even the commonest duties of a constitutional king had not been impressed upon him. Nothing stood in the way of his gratifying his passion for the beautiful in art, and for a life of mystery and magnificence. He set out to model his career upon that of Louis XIV. of France. He lavished more than \$20,000,000 on his Versailles palaces in the Bavarian mountains. He made Wagner his Moliere; and in this, at least, he rendered a monumental service to contemporary musical art. It was through his personal interest in Richard Wagner that the master was enabled to give practical illustrations of his theories. With Ludwig's aid, "Tristan und Isolde" was brought out at Munich, under Von Bülow's direction, in 1865. "Die Meistersinger," in 1868, "Das Rheingold," in 1869, and "Die Walküre," in 1870, owed their first hearings to the King's active sympathy and ready purse. The Wagner Theatre at the little Bavarian city of Bayreuth was also indebted to the King for encouragement and assistance.

The first important political event of Ludwig's reign was the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866. In that conflict Bavaria sided with Austria, and was compelled by the victor to pay an indemnity of \$12,000,000, and to cede a small bit of territory to Prussia. An important part was played by Bavaria in the Franco-Prussian War. Out of a total population of 4,000,000 she sent 130,000 soldiers to the front. So when the war ended, the people demanded that Bavaria should reap a substantial reward, and this, they saw, was best to be accomplished by merging their sovereignty into the great German Empire. This was done, after tedious negotiations, the Bavarians holding out for every right and advantage Bismarck would grant. It is to be supposed that this step was distasteful to King Ludwig. But he recognized the logic of events, and this probably the more readily because of his deep disappointment at finding himself subservient to a Constitution and Parliament. So he accepted the situation, and it was he who first urged upon the King of Prussia the assumption of the Imperial title.

Ludwig II. never married. There are innumerable stories, mostly apocryphal, about his love affairs; but it is certain that he was not only a misanthropic recluse, but—ostensibly at least—a still more bitter misogynist. A recent absurd rumor declared that he was thinking of trying to mend his civil list by means of a morganatic marriage; but Ludwig's debts never troubled him enough to have driven him to that pass.

There is much to the credit of Ludwig II. in the fact that, despite his mad follies, his secluded life, and his apparent determination to bankrupt the state, he retained, in a remarkable degree, throughout his entire career, the loyal regard of the Bavarian people.

#### HON. HENRY F. SEVERENS, U. S. DISTRICT JUDGE OF MICHIGAN.

THE selection of the Hon. Henry F. Severens to succeed the late Judge Withey as United States District Judge of Michigan has given great satisfaction in that State.

Henry F. Severens was born in Rockingham, Vt., May 11th, 1835. He is descended in direct line from Sergeant Hinman, the eminent lawyer who defended Charles I. of England. The boy attended the district school three months of the year until he was fifteen, working nine months on the farm of his father, while he prepared himself to enter Middlebury College. His father being unable to assist him at college, he economized and taught school. Making good use of his time, he was graduated with high honors in 1857. He began the study of law in the office of Henry E. Stoughton, the United States District Attorney for Vermont. Two years afterwards (1859) he was admitted to the Bar of Windom County by Judge Isaac Redfield, author of "Redfield on Wills."

In 1860 Mr. Severens went to Michigan, and settled at Three Rivers. Here he soon built up a good practice, and was elected Prosecuting Attorney of St. Joseph County. He removed to Kalamazoo in February, 1865, and entered into a legal partnership with ex-United States Senator Charles E. Stuart and Mr. John M. Edwards, which continued for two years. In 1866 he was nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Fourth

District in opposition to the Hon. Charles Upson, Republican, but was defeated, although he made a good run in a strong Republican district. He was also an unsuccessful candidate for the State Senate and Justice of the Supreme Court of Michigan in 1877 against Thomas M. Cooley.

As a lawyer, Judge Severens ranks among the first at the Supreme Court Bar, where his practice has been large and lucrative. There is scarcely a volume of the Michigan Reports, from the Twelfth to the present time, that does not contain reports of important cases argued by him. He is a forcible speaker on the hustings, and a close reasoner in the courts. He is personally popular, and universally esteemed as a good citizen.

The Detroit Journal (Republican) makes the following editorial remarks regarding Mr. Severens' elevation to the vacant judgeship: "The appointment is unexceptionable, indeed. Mr. Severens is a lawyer of ripe experience, a jurist of high attainments, a man of mature years and physical vigor, and a citizen who possesses the respect and admiration of those who know him. To succeed such a judge as was the late Solomon Withey, Judge Severens appears to be eminently fitted."

#### THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, AT CONCORD, N. H.

THURSDAY last, the 17th inst., was a gala-day at Concord, the capital of New Hampshire. On that day the statue of Daniel Webster, presented to the State by Mr. Benjamin Pierce Cheney, of Boston, was dedicated with imposing civic and military ceremonies, and the event attracted some 30,000 people from the surrounding country, while the Governors of five States—New York, Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire—and scores of prominent officials and well-known public personages from different parts of the Union, lent dignity to the occasion by their presence. The military display initiated the day's proceedings at one o'clock, and was the most brilliant pageant which ever passed through the streets of Concord. The entire National Guard of the State, including three regiments of infantry, one field battery and a troop of cavalry, were brought into line, together with the renowned Amoskeag Veterans, Manchester Cadets, and High School Cadets of Manchester, who served as special escort to Governor Currier and Staff of New Hampshire. After passing through the principal streets, the procession halted at the State House, where the distinguished guests and officials of the day passed between the lines of soldiers, at "present arms," to a raised platform. Judge George W. Nesmith, of Franklin, who was an intimate friend of Webster, and who is now in his ninety-sixth year, was the presiding officer. His feebleness compelled him to transfer to Gilman Marston, Chairman of the Legislative Committee, the arduous duties of the position. Such of the speakers as used manuscript read it from the top of the little mahogany writing-desk on which Webster wrote in his college days. As Mr. Cheney arose to present his gift to the State, the daughter of Colonel John H. George stepped forward and pulled the cord which loosened the flag, and the statue was uncovered to the view of the thousands in the vicinity. The oration was delivered by Samuel C. Bartlett, President of Dartmouth College. The gift was accepted on behalf of the State by Governor Currier. Then followed speeches by Governor Robinson, Governor Robie, Governor Pingree and Governor Hill. A letter from President Cleveland, regretting his inability to be present, was read during the ceremonies.

The statue which was thus successfully dedicated is of bronze, and was designed by Thomas Ball, of Florence, Italy. The casting was made in Munich. The figure is 8 feet in height and weighs 2,000 pounds. It stands upon a light bronze base, the dimensions of which are 32 by 30 inches. Webster is arrayed in an old style dress suit. His ample coat is closed around him by the two central buttons. It has broad lapels, and its large and rolling collar discloses a plain shirt-bosom. The button of the vest is seen below the coat, and the trousers are full and flowing. The neck is dressed with a stock, with a broad turned-down collar. The arms are at the sides, the thumb and index finger of the right hand being opened, with the remaining fingers partially closed. The left hand holds a manuscript partly opened. The head represents Webster in his closing years, and the features are said by those who knew him to be extremely lifelike and correct. The pose is massive and commanding, and is pronounced unexceptionable. The head is slightly turned to the right. The face is smooth, and the expression is of the highest intellectual character. In the rear of the right leg is an irregular pile of books, surmounted by manuscripts. The pedestal was cut from the finest of Concord granite, from plans by John A. Fox, the well-known Boston architect, and the work was executed under his direction. The base is a single stone, about 9 feet square, weighing 11 tons, and showing cut-work of some 6 inches above ground. The plinth is 6½ feet square, 4 feet high, and weighs 13 tons. It has beveled edges and a series of finely cut moldings. The die is 4½ feet square and 5½ feet high, and tapering towards the top. On the front are the words, cut in polished letters, "Daniel Webster." On the other sides are panels of government fine bronze of a light shade. On the north one are the coat-of-arms of New Hampshire and the legend, "Born at Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782." On the south tablet are the coat-of-arms of the State of Massachusetts and the inscription, "Died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, Oct. 24, 1852." On the west side is the following: "Presented by Benjamin Pierce Cheney to the State of New Hampshire, Jan. 18, 1866." The whole height of the base and statue is 17½ feet, and the total cost was \$12,000.

#### GLADSTONE'S MANIFESTO.

MR. GLADSTONE'S manifesto to the electors of Midlothian presents with great clearness the issue which is to be decided in the coming Parliamentary elections: "Will you govern Ireland by coercion, or will you let Ireland manage her own affairs?" Continuing, he says: "To debate in this address this and that detail of the lately defeated Bill would only be to disguise this issue, and would be as futile as to discuss the halting, stumbling, ever-shifting and ever-vanishing projects of an intermediate class which have proceeded from the seceding Liberals; There are two clear, positive and intelligible plans before the world: there is the plan of the Government and there is the plan of Lord Salisbury. Our plan is that Ireland should, under well-considered conditions, transact her own affairs. This plan is to ask Parliament to renew repressive laws and enforce them resolutely for twenty years, by the

end of which time he assures us Ireland will be fit to accept any government, in the way of a local government, on the repeal of the coercion laws, you may wish to give her.

"I leave this Tory project to speak for itself in its unadorned simplicity, and I turn to the proposed policy of the Government. Our opponents, gentlemen, whether Tories or seceders, have assumed the name of Unionists. I deny them the title to it. In intention, indeed, we are all unionists alike; but the union they refuse to modify is, in its present shape, a paper union, obtained by force and fraud, and never sanctioned or accepted by the Irish nation. They are not unionists, but paper unionists. True union is to be tested by the sentiments of the human beings united. Tried by this criterion, we have less union between Great Britain and Ireland now than we had under the settlement of 1782.

"Enfranchised Ireland, gentlemen, asks through her lawful representatives for the revival of her domestic legislature—not, on the face of it, an innovating, but a restorative, proposal.

"She urges with truth that the centralization of Parliament has been the division of peoples; but she recognizes the fact that the union, lawlessly as it was obtained, cannot and ought not to be repealed. She is content to receive her legislation in a form divested of prerogatives which might have impaired her imperial interests, and better adapted than the settlement of 1782 to secure to her regular control of her own affairs.

"She has not repelled, but has welcomed, the stipulations for the protection of the minority. To such provisions we have given and shall give careful heed, but I trust Scotland will condemn the attempts so singularly made to import into the controversy a venomous element of religious bigotry. Let her take warning by the deplorable riots in Belfast and other places in the North. "Among the benefits, gentlemen, I anticipate from your acceptance of our policy are these:

"The consolidation of the united empire, and great addition to its strength.

"The stoppage of the heavy, constant, and demoralizing waste of the public treasure.

"The abatement and gradual extinction of ignoble feuds in Ireland, and the development of her resources which experience shows to be a natural consequence of free and orderly government.

"The redemption of the honor of Great Britain from the stigma fastened upon her almost from time immemorial in respect to Ireland by the judgment of the whole civilized world; and lastly, the restoration of Parliament to its dignity and efficiency, and the regular progress of the business of the country.

"Well, gentlemen, the first question I now put to you is, How shall Ireland be governed? There is another question behind it and involved in it. How are England and Scotland to be governed? You know how for the last six years especially the affairs of England and Scotland have been impeded and your imperial Parliament discredited and disabled. All this happened while the Nationalists were but a small minority of the Irish members, without support from so much as a handful of members not Irish. Now they approach ninety, and are entitled to say, 'We are speaking the views of the Irish nation.'

"It is impossible to deal with this subject by half measures. They are strong in their numbers, strong in British support, which brought 313 members to vote for their country; strongest of all in the sense of being right. But, gentlemen, we have done our part; the rest remains for you. Electors of the country, may you be enabled to see through and cast away all delusions, refuse evil, and choose good. I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your faithful and grateful servant,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

By a new German process, finely divided tin is precipitated upon textile fabrics, giving a flexible and brilliant coating.

A BRILLIANT black varnish for iron stoves and fireplaces is made by stirring ivory black into ordinary shellac varnish. It should be applied when the article is perfectly cold.

GLASS plates have been substituted for copper in the sheathing of an Italian ship, the advantage claimed being exemption from oxidation and incrustation. The glass was cut in plates to fit the hull.

HOT alum is the best insect-destroyer known. Put it in hot water, and let it boil until all the alum is dissolved. Apply hot with a brush, and all creeping things are instantly destroyed without danger to human life or injury to property.

A CEMENT very much used at the present day in China and Japan is made from rice. It is only necessary to mix rice flour intimately with water and gently simmer the mixture over a clear fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement.

MENTHOL is now used as a local anæsthetic in place of cocaine. Its effects last from fifteen to fifty minutes. It is used in twenty to fifty per cent. in alcoholic or oleaginous solution for the nose, ten per cent. for the mouth, and weaker for the eyes.

ELECTRICITY is now used to record the weights indicated upon scales or steelyards, the application being especially designed for the weighing of freight-cars while in motion. With this device properly applied to scales an accurate account can be kept of the weight of every car passing over them, even at full speed.

FURNITURE manufacturers have had their attention directed by enthusiasts to the pulp question. It is argued that pulp can be used as a substitute for lumber in the manufacture of furniture and other articles now made exclusively of wood. By mixing the pulp with clays, steatite, asbestos, plumbago and mica, substances of every possible color and compactness may be produced. It is estimated that only about twenty per cent. of the timber felled reaches economic uses, while if the sawmill were combined with the pulp and pressing processes all the material in the trunk might be available.

A NOVEL use is made of the stereoscope to detect forged banknotes. A note of 100 francs was recently submitted to the experts of the Bank of France as issued by a band of forgers, but the execution was so perfect that no defect could be discovered by the closest examination. A suggestion was then made to place the suspected note side by side with a genuine one in the objective of a stereoscope, the two images of which, as it is well known, overlap each other and form a single picture. The result of the experiment was that the loop in the letter of the forged note did not exactly cover that of the genuine one, showing that they had not been printed from the same plate.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

RUBINSTEIN, the distinguished pianist, will soon make a tour of America.

THE possible nomination of George W. Childs for the Presidency is being talked about by politicians at Washington.

THE Rev. T. De Witt Talmage intends to spend part of the Summer at Asheville, N. C., whither he will go about the middle of July.

REPRESENTATIVE HOLMAN of Indiana has been nominated for re-election to Congress. He was somewhat bitterly opposed by a faction of his party.

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE will visit the Pacific coast during the Summer vacation of the United States Supreme Court. His trip will probably extend to Alaska.

BUORNSTJERNE BUORNSEN, the Norwegian poet, who has been living in Paris for the past three years, has gone to his home in the Norwegian mountains.

THE Republicans of Tennessee have nominated Hon. A. A. Taylor for Governor. In Vermont, the same party has nominated Hon. E. J. Ormsbee for Governor.

CATHARINE V. WAITE, who has just been admitted to practice before the Illinois Supreme Court, was refused admission by the same tribunal twenty years ago. There is something in a name.

Or the five candidates for Judges of the Supreme Court nominated by the Democrats of Tennessee, four are under forty-five years of age. D. L. Snodgrass, the youngest, is only thirty-five years old.

NOTWITHSTANDING General Butler's recent "retirement from politics," it is rumored that he will be a candidate for Congress at the next election, "in the interest of the great mass of Massachusetts voters."

ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS will receive the Cardinal's hat on June 30th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration to the priesthood. He is fifty-two years of age, and will be one of the youngest members of the Sacred College.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND should be careful. He went to a German merry-making the other day, and while there chuckled a German baby under the chin. If he continues this sort of thing, he will be accused of seeking votes for another term.

ARCHBISHOP FORBES, the famous newspaper correspondent, is to be married on Saturday, June 26th, at Washington, D. C., to Miss Lorely Meigs, the daughter of General M. C. Meigs, retired. It is an old affair, but the final decision was abrupt.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has accepted the honorary Presidency of the American Exhibition to be held in London in May, 1887. He will open the exhibition from the White House, and start the machinery by the telegraph land lines and the cable.

MR. BERO, the imprisoned Speaker of the Danish Chamber, has just celebrated his silver wedding in his prison cell. He received on that occasion a deputation representing 80,000 citizens, who gave him some fine silverware and the sum of \$13,000 in cash.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON, of New York, has offered to give \$10,000 to the Middlebury College, in Vermont, as a nucleus for a fund to be expended in founding a professorship in modern languages. Mr. Morton's father, brother and uncle were graduates of the institution named.

YOUNG men are coming to the front in educational matters. Mr. Oscar H. Cooper, who has been elected Superintendent of Public Instruction in Texas, is only twenty-three years of age. He will have partial control of a school fund larger than that of any other ten States in the Union.

PROFESSOR RICHARD A. PROCTOR, the well-known astronomer, is about to locate in Missouri. In a recent interview in New York city, he said: "I have come over to America to live, you know, if I can stand the dry climate. I want to get a little leisure to write a systematic work on astronomy, giving the results of all my past study. I shall also lecture a little next Winter in the Middle States, and perhaps in the South."

THE people of Fremont, Ohio, of both political parties, resent the stories which find circulation about ex-President Hayes and their feeling toward him. "The R. B. Hayes known in these parts," says a Fremont writer in the Cincinnati Post, "is a benevolent, cultured and courteous gentleman, heartily in sympathy with his neighbors, instantly ready with purse and voice to forward every wise scheme for advancing the material interests of the town."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S middle name, "Tecumseh," he is said to owe to his father, who had removed to Ohio just before the War of 1812 with the British and Indians, and, in spite of Indian depredations, caught a fancy for the great chief of the Shawnees. In his new work General Sherman says that his father had long tried to get one of his sons named Tecumseh, but that he did not succeed until his mother had named a son for each of her brothers. Then she ran out of names, and Judge Sherman had his way.

MR. RICHARD BENTLEY, the well-known London publisher, contributes an interesting piece of evidence as to the fascination Mr. Gladstone's personality still exercises. Mr. Bentley has been visiting Wales. A Welsh Conservative told him as he stood by the sea that "If Mr. Gladstone walked in and was drowned, the people would follow and get drowned also." A Radical Welshman whom Mr. Bentley asked whether his fellow-Radicals would vote against disruption, answered that they understood nothing about it; that "If the Almighty were put up here against Gladstone, Gladstone would head the poll."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES continues to receive the highest honors that the English people can lavish upon a favored guest. Not since Longfellow's visit has any American received such testimony of affection and of enthusiastic admiration. At Cambridge, on the 17th inst., honorary degrees were conferred upon him in the presence of a brilliant assemblage. There was great cheering when the public orator, in a laudatory Latin speech, presented the degrees to Dr. Holmes. The orator described Dr. Holmes as one combining enthusiasm for science and distinction in literature, and as gifted with skill in the healing art, eloquence and song. Several felicitous references were made to "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," and other of Dr. Holmes's works. The orator told a story of a party of English travelers deliberately taking "The Autocrat" with them as their sole literary resource during a long holiday in a remote district of Norway.



## THE TOWN OF VANCOUVER, W. T.

OUR view of the pleasant town of Vancouver, in Washington Territory, is taken from the Columbia River side, and the snow-capped summit of Mt. Hood rises like a glittering pyramid in the background. With its 3,500 inhabitants, its large military garrison, its saw-mills and its trade by steamboats along the river, Vancouver is a place of importance, but probably will never be a big city. Its good schools, its pleasant social life, its healthful situation and perfect drainage, its pretty public park, its convenience of access, and its superb and inspiring scenery, will, however, bring

## ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

## PROSPERITY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

EVIDENCE of the wonderful development of the resources of the great Northwest is nowhere more apparent than at St. Paul, the capital of Minnesota. A recent visit to that city revealed facts every way surprising in regard to the prosperity of that region.

It is hard to conceive that it has been but a few short years since all the Northwest territory was an endless forest or a trackless waste, whereas there are now great and populous cities and multitudes of growing communities. The forests



BAVARIA.—THE ABANDONED CASTLE OF THE LATE LOUIS II. AT HOHENSCHANGAU.

it more and more into notice as a desirable place for permanent homes. By the water route the distance from Portland is eighteen miles, and two steamboats run each way twice a day; but by land it is only seven miles across the peninsula which separates the two rivers, and frequent stages run from ferry to ferry in an hour's time. This is the favorite drive of Portland people.

A railroad is being built across the peninsula, and this will make Vancouver practically a residence suburb of Portland.

have been subdued, and the implements of the husbandman are producing riches that have run up into countless millions. And what is equally gratifying, is the character of the people making up the population. They are not only of the best classes from the Middle and Eastern States, but they are possessed of the necessary energy and business push to realize the great opportunities spread out before them. They have grasped the situation, and are to-day reaping the reward of their coming.

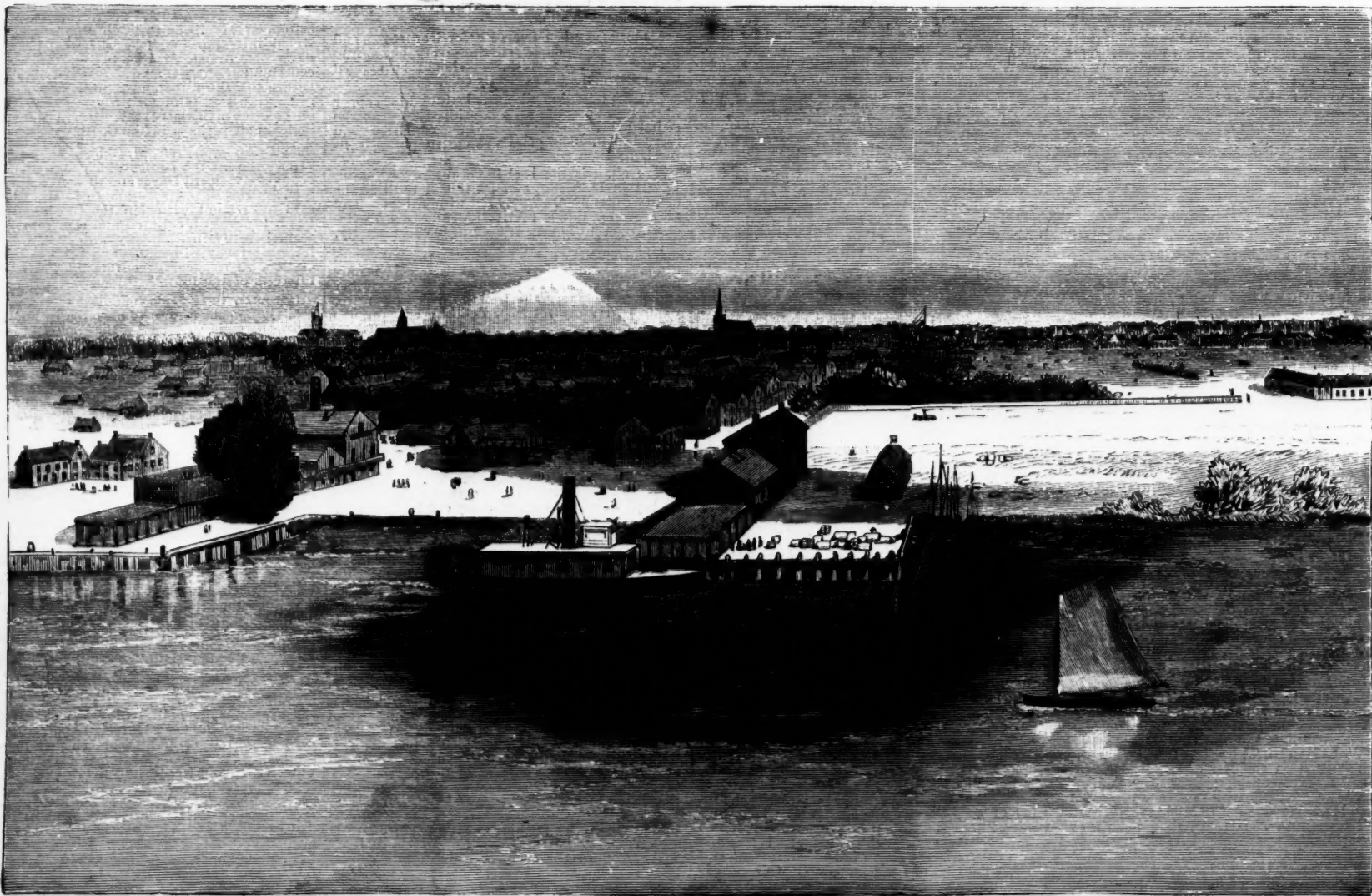
St. Paul is not only an illustration of their thrift, but is a monument to American enterprise and American institutions. It stands at the head of navigation upon the Mississippi, and has come to be a great railroad centre, with lines reaching out in every direction. The location of the city is most attractive. A visitor need only go to the summit of either of the four principal bluffs upon which it lies, and beyond which it is so rapidly extending, to see a stretch of landscape of marvelous beauty. In point of healthfulness and

sanitary attractiveness, the city has no superior. Of course the beauty of St. Paul is the united result of art and nature. Man had all the necessary factors placed at his disposal when the great high cliffs were rolled up whereon the city has been founded. It could not well have been plain and homely by any ingenuity of human perversion. The streets could not have been platted in uniform angles, from the very nature of the grades; and this one fact has done much to lend a charm that would otherwise have been wanting.



THE LATE LOUIS II., KING OF BAVARIA.

SEE PAGE 298.



WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—VIEW OF THE TOWN OF VANCOUVER, WITH MT. HOOD IN THE DISTANCE.





MAINE.—HON. JOSEPH R. BODWELL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY MERRITT & VAN WAGNER.

It is not so exaggerated as Boston in its labyrinth of streets and disjointed connections, but it has a sufficiency to make it interesting to the newcomer. The topography is a little puzzling to the stranger, but there is one thing that may be said: If the visitor finds it hard to thread his way back after getting into the heart of the city, he will enjoy so well remaining where he is, that after a little while he will not care whether he gets away or not. The more I wandered along the streets, up-hill and down, viewing with admiration the wonderful growth and prosperity everywhere apparent, the more interested I became, and the more inclined was I to remain. The tall and stately business blocks that make up several squares, and all of them devoted to wholesale purposes, speak conclusively as to its growth in that department of trade. Indeed, one cannot pass through the wholesale streets of St. Paul and not be filled with enthusiasm at the scene presented to him. There is no better evidence of the rapidity with which the great West is being populated than the millions of dollars that have been expended in the erection of these beautiful buildings. And what is more, there is evidence everywhere of an active business. The streets are full of vehicles, and the sidewalks are piled with goods coming in and going out. Everybody seems to have something to do, and is intent on doing it. The entire population seems moved by one common impulse—the spirit of enterprise. This could not be so in a community that was not prosperous; and the fact that this spirit of restlessness and aggressive business activity prevails is ample evidence of the sound commercial and financial standing of St. Paul. This spirit of progress is everywhere observable—in the number and character of the new business houses established every year; in the railroads now built and in those being constructed; in the large increase in capital for banking, commercial and industrial purposes; in the aggregate of real estate transactions and its advance in value; in the thousands of buildings erected and in their general superior character; in the constantly growing volume of public and

private improvements. And there is no fear that the city has reached its level, or that it has been overdone. There is no organized attempt to "boom" it. The conditions surrounding it have done that work for it.

The future of St. Paul is full of promise. With an almost endless territory beyond, above and below, that will be more or less dependent upon it for supplies, with every advantage in location and in climate, there can scarcely be a bound to its advancement and prosperity. Tourists cannot do better than visit St. Paul during the heated term, and see for themselves what the city has accomplished. A tour of Minnesota during July or August is especially pleasant and agreeable, on account of its cool and invigorating climate, and people who are seeking genuine recreation should turn their eyes from the East to one of the fairest and loveliest portions of the American Continent.

The Chamber of Commerce Building, a picture of which appears in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is a representative structure of the progress and advancement of St. Paul. It is a magnificent edifice, and is a fit headquarters for the public-spirited organization which caused its erection. The watchful care of this Board over the business interests of the city has done much to foster and sustain the enterprises that have kept it at the front.

J. H. P.

HON. JOSEPH R. BODWELL,  
REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

MR. BODWELL, the Republican candidate for Governor of Maine, was born on the 18th of June, 1818, in that part of Methuen, Mass., now known as Lawrence. When he was eight years of age his father, being at the time in straitened circumstances, was persuaded by his brother-in-law, Robert Fleming, to commit the boy to his care. Young Joseph thus continued at farm labor until he was sixteen. In 1835 he began to learn shoemaking, attending school during the day. Three years later, in conjunction with his father, he purchased a farm in Methuen, in the cultivation of which he found occupation until the death of his father in 1848.

When the Lawrences, of Boston, began to utilize the water of the Merrimac at Lawrence, Mr. Bodwell was employed to haul granite from Pelham, N. H., for the construction of the dam. This gave him a familiar knowledge of quarrying, and in 1852, in company with Hon. Moses Webster, he began to work the granite



MICHIGAN.—HON. HENRY F. SEVERENS, THE NEW U. S. DISTRICT JUDGE.  
PHOTO. BY BROWN.—SEE PAGE 299.

quarries of Fox Island, at the mouth of the Penobscot Bay. Up to that time the granite islands and headlands on the coast of Maine were for the most part untouched. Mr. Bodwell began work at Vinalhaven, Fox Island, with one yoke of oxen, which he drove

himself and shod with his own hands. From this small beginning arose the Bodwell Granite Company, one of the largest granite companies in the Union. The corporation elected Mr. Bodwell President, which office he still retains. In 1866 Mr. Bodwell removed with his family to Hallowell, Me., of which town he is still a resident. He discovered in that neighborhood granite of a lighter color and more delicate texture, the kind of material demanded for monumental and artistic purposes. After securing control of the extensive deposits, he organized the well-known Hallowell Granite Company in 1870, and he has been its head ever since.

Mr. Bodwell still retains his love for farming and fine stock, and is an extensive importer of thoroughbred Hereford cattle, black-polled Angus and Sussex breed. He is President of the Bodwell Water Company, at Oldham, Me., the largest water-power in New England. He also carries on extensive lumbering operations at the headwaters of the Kennebec River, and is a stockholder and promoter of several railroad enterprises. He has twice represented his fellow-citizens in the Lower House of the Maine Legislature; has twice been Mayor of Hallowell, and a delegate-at-large to the Republican Conventions at Chicago in 1880 and 1884. He is a friend of public schools and temperance, and, remembering his own early days, has always an encouraging word and helping hand for struggling, poor young men.

#### MILK AND HONEY VERDICTS.

THE least ascetic of all monastic Orders are probably the Caloyers, or Basilian friars, of Northern Greece. Their principal convent forms a group of commodious buildings on Mount Athos, where they keep a sort of boarding-school, giving them an opportunity to pick their novices from the promising youngsters of the neighboring cities. Nor is the service of their



MINNESOTA.—THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING AT ST. PAUL.



saint in any sense unpopular. They pay a great deal of attention to personal cleanliness and dress well (*kalos geros*), handsome fellows, the natives call them), and indulge their younger brethren in all sorts of innocent pastimes. After five years' probation a discreet friar can even get an occasional furlough—permission to join a fishing party, for instance; but is warned to return in time or take the consequences. Absence without leave seems, however, to be a venial sin, for the offender is merely sentenced to a week's "Lenten fare," consisting of milk, barley-bread and honey.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

THE outlook in the iron trades is reported as being most encouraging.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has signed the Shipping Bill relative to Canadian vessels in American waters.

A PUBLIC reception given by the President and his bride on Friday evening last was attended by 5,000 persons.

HENRY GEORGE, after investigation, reports that the miners are the worst paid workmen in the United States.

REAR-ADMIRAL S. B. LUCE has been detached from duty as President of the Naval War College at Newport and ordered to command the North Atlantic Squadron.

WISCONSIN Knights of Labor have called a State Convention at Fort Howard to nominate a full State ticket. A Labor Convention had previously been called to meet at La Crosse for the same purpose. The cause of the split in the Labor ranks is not explained.

THE total popular majority for secession from Canada, at the late election in Nova Scotia, was 12,000 out of 60,000 votes polled. The successful party will make this a test question at the Dominion elections, and feel confident of electing an almost solid delegation of secessionists to the Ottawa Parliament. Then, after thoroughly ventilating their demands in the Federal Legislature, they will appeal to the Imperial Parliament.

THE United States Senate has passed the joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Ingalls, providing for the submission to the several States of a Constitutional amendment extending the period of the President's term and the session of the Fiftyth Congress until April 30th, 1889; and substituting April 30th for March 4th as the beginning, in future, of the Presidential and Congressional terms. The measure now goes to the House.

## FOREIGN.

FIFTY THOUSAND acres of crops and two villages have been destroyed by floods in Hungary, and greater damages are threatened.

THE French Government has submitted to the Chamber of Deputies a Bill to authorize the Panama Canal Company to issue its proposed lottery loan.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone has promised the Dissenters that he will disestablish the English Church if they enable him to settle and get rid of the Irish problem by supporting Home Rule.

PRESIDENT GRÉVY performed, last week, the usual ceremonial attending the handing of the red berettes to the three new French Cardinals created at the recent Papal Consistory. Cardinal Bernadon, speaking for his colleagues, said the Cardinals would not cease to pray for France. "We shall teach, according to Christ, obedience to the laws, divine and human, and respect for established authority," President Grévy, in reply, said that these sentiments reconciled the interests of the Church and those of France.

## IRVING AS "MOTHER SHIPTON."

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, in the New York World, tells how the English tragedian won the sobriquet of "Mother Shipton": "The carping critics said: 'What can he do in the legitimate?' and so they had to be propitiated and convinced. Lord Lytton's wily *Richieu* was determined on as the appropriate article, but Irving with considerable nervousness approached the task, and meeting 'Jack Ryder,' the elocutionist and well-known 'stage-coach,' begged him to attend his rehearsals and supply the original 'business' of the great Macready, with which Ryder was entirely familiar. Ryder consented, but Bateman, who had overheard the conversation, immediately the veteran's back was turned, exclaimed: 'You Jack Ryder's pupil? No, sir! All London would know it within an hour. Stand on your own tub, and Macready and tradition be hanged!'

"Ryder was not a little annoyed when he found his knowledge and services disdained. He was present on the first night of the production, and growled and grunted as he saw deviations from the original business which he had never dreamed of. Irving was again successful, and as Bateman met Ryder among the departing throng, he triumphantly asked, 'What do you think of Irving now?' 'It wasn't *Richieu*,' gruffly answered Ryder. 'Not *Richieu*! What was it, then?' 'Mother Shipton, sir!'

"The remark soon got abroad and was patented in the theatre itself, and if there was a question among the carpenters as to 'What's the play to-night?' some one would reply with bated breath, 'Why, "Mother Shipton," boys.'

## POLYGAMISTS IN MONTANA AND IDAHO.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Record, writing from Miles City, Montana Territory, says: "The legislation against polygamy at Washington is beginning to bear fruit already in this part of the Mormon world. Eastern readers who suppose that Mormonism is confined to Salt Lake City and Utah are very much mistaken. The great mass of the Mormon population, which numbers something like 250,000 all told, exists, thrives and breathes the free air of the United States beyond the border lines of Utah. Like a big octopus, the head is at Salt Lake City, but the arms stretch far out into Arizona, New Mexico, Oregon and Idaho. The Latter-day Saints have been for some time swarming up into Idaho, where they are at present a political power. Most of the southern counties of Idaho are controlled by Mormons, but the recent indictments against them at Blackfoot leave the impression that the respectable portion of the community mean business, and intend, if possible,

to stamp out the vice. Notwithstanding the crusade against them in that Territory, a noiseless exodus of Mormons from Utah to Oneida County, Idaho, has been going on quietly for some time. The rendezvous seems to be an island in Snake River, near the mouth of Henry's Fork. It is said that 3,000 Mormons have already gone there, and that the exodus is still going on. Idaho is perhaps more firmly in the grip of the polygamists than any other State or Territory, not even excepting Utah.

"There are thirty Mormon churches in Colorado, forty in Oregon, sixty in Arizona and seventy in Idaho. Still, it is very plain to see that the Mormons are getting a good deal discouraged. To fight is destruction; to entirely emigrate is the loss of millions of wealth. The sensible thing for the leaders to do is to have a new revelation commanding the abandonment of polygamy. One hundred and forty-five indictments were drawn for unlawful cohabitation at Blackfoot, Idaho, recently. All refused to obey the laws in future except one, consequently one hundred and forty-four polygamously inclined old gentlemen now languish in the Territorial Penitentiary in Boise City.

## THE CHINESE GOING.

THE San Francisco Morning Call says: "The work of displacing the Chinese is gradually going on, but without confusion and without bloodshed. In the interior white boys and girls are taking the places of Chinese in picking fruit. In this city there are several hundred boys and girls now employed in boot and shoe and cigar factories in the places filled a year ago with Chinese. During the last few months San Francisco has been the resort of Chinese from the interior who had been unable longer to find employment there. The purpose of the people is to recover possession of these industries; but they will be content to do so gradually. As the Chinese now here leave or die, whites will step quietly into their places."

## THE MARKETS OF BERLIN.

THE entire domestic economy of Berlin has been revolutionized. Up to a recent date the markets of Berlin have been held in squares and open spaces. There has been no covered hall. Now, however, all the markets have been swept away, and a series of market halls, built on a colossal and imposing scale in various quarters of the city, have been opened for public use. At least two of the abolished markets date from early in last century, and all have their peculiar historical associations. If the housewives of Berlin were polled on the subject, the new market halls would be sentenced to demolition, but the authorities of the city are doing all they can by public expositions of the matter and other means to remove the popular prejudice against the innovation. It is an almost incredible fact that an inhabitant of London consumes in a year thirty-two times as much fish as an inhabitant of Berlin, and that though the stores of the North Sea are open to the German metropolis, Paris, with her 2,220,000 inhabitants, consumes more fish than the whole of Germany, with a population of 47,000,000. This scanty consumption of fish is one of the things in which the new market halls are expected to effect an improvement. Berlin requires yearly 1,625,000,000 pounds of food, including 160,000,000 pounds of fresh meat, 3,000,000 pounds of birds of all sorts, 2,500,000 pounds of game, 77,000,000 litres of milk, 30,000,000 pounds of butter, 8,000,000 pounds of cheese, 19,000,000 pounds of eggs, 51,000,000 pounds of fruit, 3,000,000 pounds of oranges, 21,000,000 pounds of fresh fish, 7,000,000 pounds of smoked fish, and 8,000,000 pounds of pickled fish.

## GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT AND REUNION AT GETTYSBURG.

THE Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, will encamp on the battlefield of Gettysburg, July 2d, and remain until the 7th. On the 2d and 3d of July the reunion of the Third Army Corps will be held on the same historic field. The encampment of the Grand Army will be largely attended, and the reunion will bring together veterans from every State in the Union. On the 2d, interesting ceremonies incident to the dedication of monuments will be held, and on every day during the week something of interest to every old soldier will occur. Never since the memorable days of the battle has there assembled on this famous spot so notable and imposing a collection of veterans as will gather there during this week, and no better opportunity for visiting the battle-ground in the company of those who were engaged in the great fight will ever be offered. For the benefit of those who desire to be present, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Gettysburg from all stations on its lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie, on June 30th, July 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, good to return until the 8th, inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

## CHAMPAGNE AND ITS TREATMENT.

THE wine merchants of France have a great contest every year to secure the best vintages in the grape-growing regions. This is the primary step in the creation of good wine. The treatment of the wine thereafter has much to do with its excellence. In all these particulars the palm has long been held by the proprietors of G. H. MUM'S EXTRA DRY, and for that reason it is the favorite beverage of the world.

## ALONG THE HARLEM.

THE uplands of Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess and Columbia Counties have long been held in high favor as beautiful and desirable Summer resorts and residences, and in "Summer Homes along the Harlem" lately published by the Passenger Department of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, may be found a mass of most valuable and well-arranged information for any seekers for homes or resting-places in these favored regions. The text of the book is well written, describing the history and the scenery of the Harlem territory, and its illustrations are excellent. The management of the Harlem Road is constantly improving and increasing the accommodations for its suburban and Summer patronage, and each year the substantial growth of this class of business indicates a gratifying popular appreciation of the facilities of the line and the attractions of its country. "Summer Homes" may be obtained on request at the general and principal local ticket offices of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

## A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR GRAVEL.

DR. T. H. NEWLAND, JR., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particularly spermatorrhea, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."

THE New York, Ontario and Western Railway responds to the Saturday half-holiday by a new Sullivan County Express (from foot of Jay Street, at 1:30 p.m., and of West 42d Street at 2:10 p.m.), running directly through to Liberty, 2,000 feet above tidewater. The parlor car *Hebe*, awarded first premium at the New Orleans Exposition, is now in the Ontario and Western service.

## FUN.

THE kind of cloth used in making dude's clothing should be appropriate also for dollmans.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

A New York genius has invented an automatic dam. Habitual swearers may find it a great convenience.—*Boston Post*.

CANADA would be wiser to establish a three-mile limit for American defaulters rather than for American fishermen.—*Providence Journal*.

WHEN a convict is put into the laundry department in a prison it looks as if they were trying to drive the iron into his soul.—*Boston Budget*.

NO JURY will ever convict a man of stealing an umbrella. Every juror has once or twice in his life been caught out in the rain and—but this is getting personal.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

THE 192d Grand Monthly Distribution of the world-famed Louisiana State Lottery took place at noon on Tuesday, May 11th, 1886, in the City of New Orleans, under the sole management of Generals G. T. Beauregard, of La., and Jubal A. Early, of Va., when \$365,500 was scattered all over the world. Ticket No. 76,244 drew the First Capital Prize, which was sold in fractions of one-fifth at \$1 each; one fifth was held by W. Hunt, Vincennes, Ala., collected through City National Bank of Selma, Ala.; another fifth collected through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of San Francisco, Cal.; another by Harry Johnston, collected through Chancery J. Stedwell, Esq., Train-master C. C. & I. Railway, Cleveland, O.; another to Jno. Olson, No. 79 East 4th St., New York city, collected through Adams Express Co.; and another to C. H. Bessey, West Enosburg, Vt., collected through the National Park Bank of New York city.—*Petersburg (Va.) Index Appeal*.

## "WHAT IS WOMAN'S WORTH?"

ASKED a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W-O-M-A-N" (double you, O man!) But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses DR. R. V. PIERCE'S "FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A DRUGGIST'S VERDICT: "During 30 years' drug business, never have I sold an article giving such universal satisfaction as PALMER'S 'SKIN-SUCCESS.' People who suffered for years with various skin complaints are constantly returning perfectly cured to thank me for recommending 'SKIN-SUCCESS.'" —G. R. HARRIS, J. C. Heights, N. J.

SPRATT'S PATENT, which is about to manufacture in New York its prepared foods for dogs and poultry, receives more letters than any other firm in London, and turns out nearly seventy million dog-biscuits annually. The biscuit contain meat, dates, flour, beet-root and other ingredients, baked "hard as a bone," and is claimed to be a perfect food for dogs.

## PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS."

POSITIVELY Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

THE "Exposition Universelle de l'Art Culinaire" awarded the highest honors to ANGSTUR'S BITTERS as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured only by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS, and beware of imitations.

In the August number of *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine* will appear the first of a series of papers by Mr. Thomas Powell, entitled "Leaves from My Life." Mr. Powell is an octogenarian *littérateur* now living in retirement. He was personally intimate with the foremost poets and prose writers of the past and present generations, including Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Southey, Joanna Baillie, Basil Montague, Egerton Webster, Southwood Smith, Lord Brougham, Sergeant Talfourd, Charles Knight, Miss Mitford, Edward Irving, Edward Moxon, the publisher, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, R. H. Horne, Walter Savage Landor, Carlyle, Dickens, Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Alfred Donnett, Tennyson, and many others whose names are famous in English literary circles. The "Leaves" will contain reminiscences and personal anecdotes, and be practically a sort of chronicle of London literary life. The first "Leaf" deals with Coleridge, and Charles and Mary Lamb.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## Lactated Food

## THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00. An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids" sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

## ONLY FOR

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the infallible skin medicine. Send for circular.

BRENT GOOD & Co., 57 Murray St., New York.

## SICK HEADACHE

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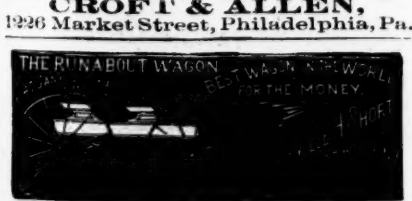
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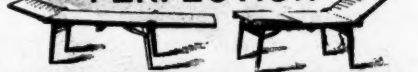
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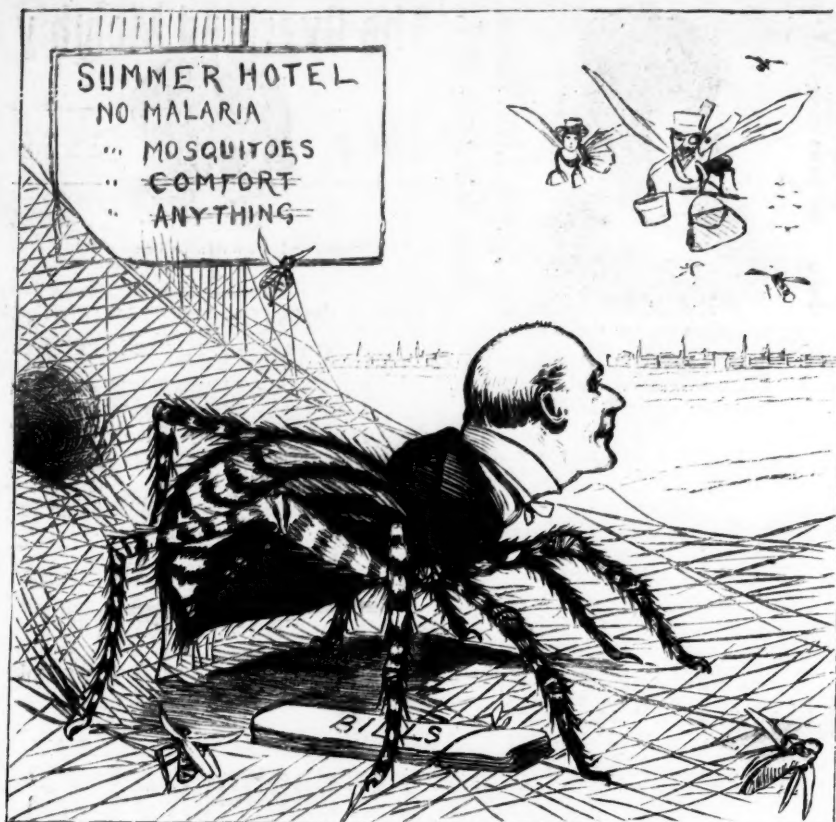
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